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Esquire

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

NEW LOOK LOOKS GOOD

IT'D GIVEN up on *Esquire*—until last Thursday. My wife was in the hospital, waiting to give birth to our fourth, and I was waiting for the subway to take me to an evening meeting. And I knew now why I bought *Esquire* again: because, for the first time in two years, it looked right—dense, solid, substantial.

Well, I'm overboarded, surprised, absolutely delighted, like a man told after an operation that he can eat solid again. I have read every bit of the magazine. I even read the damned ads, the caustic, the notice to subscribers, and the bit where you tell the postmaster where to send him \$579. Not a magazine in absolute fly mode, and I'm asunderbuck, and my wife give birth to our long-awaited daughter.

Welcome home, Melrose Avenue.

Welcome back, *Esquire*.

Natalie Reynolds
Thornhill, Canada

RUDOS ON your new typography and logo design, that carries on the perfect branding, which has caused me distress this month at the lunch counter.

Much of my *Esquire* reading is done at breakfast and lunch at Red's Diner, where space considerations and tradition mean that outstanding material pages is folded back in the familiar subway readers.

This new spring-loaded binding has bowed through my cups over time and looked out in my coffee cup, creating ugly, ugly, dog-eared pages and smeared places from my sensitive fingers.

Perhaps an experienced New Yorker would have a solution to this problem? If not, bring back the old saddle style.

Michael Goffin
Melrose Park

THANK YOU for having the vision to bring back *Esquire's* classic logo. That is, for me, deeply symbolic of a love for and a commitment to the great, mature traditions in which *Esquire* has continued to do so long and with such pleasure.

Of course, there never was any need to change (but I follow that living fully of his past over the "I" in an underachiever—if paganist—style). *Esquire* had never fallen behind the times, and somehow the distant, visual quality in the logo transcended the loss and the original inter-

iors the logo was designed to represent, and because, quite simply, the symbol for freshness and sophistication in magazines. To assert to it from a "contemporary" line will only encourage and not a taste for its meaning. In a business that becomes more business-like oriented every year, it gives me a sense of well-being to know that integrity and a personal love of magazines is not a thing of mere civilized, past times.

Alfred Zikar
Art director, TVB, Jacksonville
St. Paul, Minn.

SINGULARLY WISE WORDS

ON THIS week at last I see a man who knows what women want. Richard Schickel's "The Great Second Chance" (March) says it all: I hope every woman the world not only reads it but studies about it—*u-k*

Glenn Vanderhoff
New York, N.Y.

I HAVE been reading *Esquire* for many years and have traveled along its road all ups and downs.

Last night I read "The Great Second Chance." In my opinion, it was your finest hour. As a single male approximately the same age as the author, Richard Schickel, I have never been so moved by another person's personal experiences, as they so paralleled my own. I found his candor and sensitivity uniquely precious and rather moving.

Martin R. Shoshen
New York, N.Y.

I CANNOT tell you how personally helpful your article "The Great Second Chance" is to me. As a mid-thirties single male, the article made me realize that all sorts of so many experiences that I've been sorting out. So far, I've only read it three times.

Henry J. Lauffer
Sewanee, N.Y.

RICHARD SCHICKEL has missed the point in his analysis of winepots. There is a fine difference between a wine and a loving, caring person. The latter is impossible to define, and it really serves no purpose to try. The deeply sensitive and sensitive ancient man is the one who may really become a wine but only in the

presence of a selfish, manipulative woman. The less emotional, less characterizing man can claim he is over a wine. But who's better off?

Richard C. Shidmore
Arlens, Ga.

K&K

GIVING A new reader of talent a name is perhaps the highest calling any magazine can fulfill. Thus, I and all readers of *Esquire* are indebted to you for the splendid article by Guy Martin ("Don't Noddy" His Can Be But Join the Klan") in your March issue. As I read the piece, it crossed my mind that the prose style and grace defied categorization. More than a status piece on the Klan activities, Martin's work submerged the reader into the hidden recesses of human activity where the causes of misguided activity, evilness, and tragic events are rudely exposed. If, along with your magazine's new design, you plan to continue getting reporters to uncover writers of such high quality, I assure you your fortunes will be auspicious.

Joan Gault
Assistant editor, Publishers Weekly
New York, N.Y.

HE'S MCGUANE

A FEW years ago, a friend gave me a dog-eared copy of *Waltz King* by the Shide. Once I picked up that fine-known novel, I didn't put it down and I'd read its complicated, wonderful pages. I decided I really liked Tom McGuane's writing. Well, after "Big Sky, Big Swamp" (March), I decided I like McGuane's writing even more. He doesn't let us art critic. But in his short piece he says much of what I've been thinking about not all my life.

Nearly two in the Shide was critically acclaimed. Still, it was no best seller. When my friends picked through my bookshelves, they naturally came to my collection of McGuane novels and say, "Who is?" Well, if Thomas McGuane keeps writing the way he does in his novels and in *Esquire*, my friends will soon find out who he is.

Jeff Hapsham
Seymour, Mass.

Letters in this column should be mailed with your address and phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, *Esquire*, 2 Park Street, New York, N.Y. 10038. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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POLITICS

BY RICHARD REEVES

SUPPOSE THERE WAS A WAR...

And our side didn't show up? Given the national mood, it's not impossible

IT WAS my first coffee at the day I was in Los Angeles, sitting at a Formica counter in a coffee shop on Sunset Boulevard—not the fancy part of Sunset—probably looking at the paper. "Oh, no, you're wonderful!" the young waitress said. "But just made my day."

I did? But she wasn't looking at me. She was looking at the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* in my hands, at the front-page headline: **CENTERS LOSE SCOUT VETS.**

A few days earlier, at The Edgar Roosevelt High School in East Los Angeles—where there is no fancy part—I was walking through the halls with a friend, and she stopped to say "Good morning, Mr. Gutierrez" to a young man she glanced up suddenly. "He's one of our physical education teachers," my friend said. "His wife died about the students' reaction to the draft. Yesterday he told me, 'All the Gutierrezes went to war, and the Gutierrezes will continue to go to war. We do our duty.'"

Roosevelt High men—the school's Rough Riders play football under Teddy's old coach? Don't forget, don't look, let the last boy—have always done their duty. In World War II, in Korea, in Vietnam, tough Mexican American boys and brought home their medals and medals to show the children who are today's students. The men who came back proudly displayed their Purple Hearts and Silver Stars, many of these placed near framed pictures of Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy.

But just the day I talked with at Roosevelt High that day and they weren't going anywhere but a Roosevelt or a Kennedy or for Uncle Sam. "No way, Jose!" was a stark answer.

If that's the way they felt in East Los Angeles, what were they saying on the West Side of Los Angeles, on the East Side of Manhattan? As far as I could tell,



parents on inner-city streets were telling their children, "This case of yours? Only one person talked to in these neighborhoods and he would encourage his sons and daughters to serve—and he just thought the draft order's price of peacetime exile was too high to pay."

THE DRAFT, I'm afraid, is going to be the issue of our time. It will test the country apart—as it has before. This time, however, the approval will be worse. I was not surprised by the Gallup poll that indicated that 60 percent of the American people supported President Carter's January call for registration of all eligible young men. Part of it, as he won't call for a draft, just registration. Secondly, 60 percent isn't a consensus—far, far fewer than 17 percent in a democracy can compile the most determined national leadership.

Consider the following statistics from the Vietnam period. According to federal figures, 36,000,000 men were eligible for

military service during the war. Of these, 8,730,000 enlisted in the armed forces and 2,215,000 were drafted and served. A total of 15,945,000 never served—they were deferred, exempted, or disqualified for a variety of reasons. Only 575,000 apparently evaded the draft to the point of being classified as "draft offenders." Of these, 299,517 were actually charged with breaking the law and 11,750 others were convicted or became fugitives.

The point is that only about 2 percent, at most, of the eligible draft pool were willing to defy the government at risk to their own future. The actual figure, which is impossible to calculate, was probably the lower. However, as you recall, the nation was pretty torn up. I am convinced that dissent and disruption would be far more serious today, no matter how popular the military cause and policy. What has changed?

Everything has changed. Vietnam has changed the sense, effectiveness, and common decency of military action in life-or-death. More important, perhaps, the war and its aftermath demonstrated that America doesn't give a damn about its veterans. The men who fought in Vietnam—1,600,000 of them—were either killed, wounded, or screwed. That lesson is not going to be lost on the potential soldiers of the 1980s.

The American character has changed—or, at least, Americans are now willing to admit openly they are selfishness. The young people I talked with like their parents, are focused on themselves, their own lives, their careers, and their hopes for the future. The phrase "national interest" did not come up in those conversations.

Since Vietnam, American political leadership has become weaker and more hypocritical. No matter how fundamental they are presently to strengthen foreign policy

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Jules of San Francisco

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William Clifford, *Old Man*
Jules of San Francisco



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THE DRAFT WILL BE THE ISSUE OF OUR TIME. IT WILL TEAR THE COUNTRY APART—AS IT HAS BEFORE.

by lacking it with a credible military presence, Presidents and members of Congress don't have the guts to pick up or put down at home. This year, in presidential candidates' camps the rebuilding of American military strength and command authority in foreign foreign adventures, they also claim that draft registration and possible economic policies, such as a grain embargo, are not necessary. It is a form of low cowardly.

Most important, the United States has become more democratic. Therefore, any new draft will be fewer than conscriptions of the past. And the more equitable the draft proposals are, the less chance they have of succeeding in a divided country. Serious plans to test the sons and daughters of Harvard and Yale the same as the sons and daughters of Roosevelt High School are probably doomed to early failure—newspaper editors and rich people have never been unanimous in the belief that their kids' blood is as expendable as the blood of these kids from East Los Angeles.

BUT THEN, the United States has never had a fair draft. Democracy in leadership and military concerns was not considered to be in the national interest. American conscription policy in the twentieth century was shaped by the national interests of England and France in the early days of World War I—when both nations, in private treaties, lost much of their future leadership to President Wilson. The United States was determined that it would not expend its educated, trained elite in the same way, as President Woodrow Wilson articulated in 1917.

The nation needs all men, but it needs such men not in the field that will most flourish here but in the countries that will best serve the common good. People are used to deliver themselves with the country and conduct the fight for power and freedom as effectively as the men in the trenches.

But not so dramatically. The idea has always been to protect the best and the brightest. Even during the Civil War, when the Union conscripted only 50,000 men, certain men were highly valued to keep their way out of military service for as little as \$300. After World War II, General Lewis Hershey, the director of Selective Service from 1947 until 1969, often and openly proclaimed that the draft was designed to "guarantee" graduate to encourage young people to enter and to train in study in critical occupations, and

in other activities in the national health, safety, and interest."

So Leslie Fiedler, talking at the height of the war in Vietnam about his university colleagues, their children, and their students, could say that too.

had never taken a single family that had been in Vietnam, awarded, and such a son awarded, missing in action, or held prisoner of war. And that day in the fact that American conscripts in Vietnam are already about equal to those of World War I. For as I show in my always played, in taking to trouble about a subject that never goes out to discuss, I discover they can, they must, all say the same...

A survey taken in the early Seventies of 300 Vietnam draftsmen from northern Vietnam showed that not one of them came from a family with income of more than \$5,000 a year. In a survey of a different group of Americans—the Harvard class of 1970—only fifty-one of 1,200 men served in the military, and just two of them went to Vietnam.

It was ever thus—the Confederate Army organized a plantation, overruled government officials, lawyers, and newspapers—but it will not be that way in the future. A lot of Americans, including some Americans at Roosevelt High School, have found out the clear discrimination behind the draft. They're not going unless my kids go—and maybe they won't go even then. The United States is not the place it used to be. That may be for the better, but it may also mean more, not get the rest of this country to take. The typed-up conscription list summer over 2,000 to 3,000 Romanians troops in Cuba was part of the national campaign. Unable to live and Afghanistan and present threats to the all-father of the Gulf countries served the same purpose more effectively. A National pool of "overseer" Americans this February showed that public attitudes are changing dramatically. The number of people who would support a military response to a Soviet invasion jumped from 69 percent to 75 percent.

A national Harris poll taken during the same period indicated that 71 percent of Americans favor strengthening the country's military budget compared with 58 percent only three months before and a tiny 10 percent in 1971.

The public opinion stage is being set to accommodate conscription—again back to the draft. Then, indeed, the real problem will begin. Many Americans will say yes, more will say no. We will disagree on what it is in the national interest—and in the end we will find that we live in a different country, a nation that isn't sure, that isn't agree on whether the military capabilities of the national interest.

Failure. It is very expensive. It is, even more so than a conscription force, a low-class military army. The more of the problem is that most Americans, quite possibly, don't want to be in the Army. This means plans for the volunteer army called for a standing force of 2.5 million. The original goal is never going to be reached, because the products of the belly have already come out of the Army. There is a smaller, good reason why it has been because there are fewer young people.

These facts have been leading official Washington for quite a while—but official Washington and other people who know have been out of step with reality of the country. One sign to which this discrepancy shows up in the private survey sponsored by The Chicago Council on Foreign Relations. The survey questions that put in foreign affairs—one a standard national survey of the opinions of 1,500 "average" Americans, the other a questioning of 400 or so "opinion leaders," that is, White House officials, members of Congress, university academics, corporate leaders, editors. The last complete survey was done in late 1976 and early 1978. It showed striking differences between "elite" and "average" thinking. When asked what the United States should do if the Russians invaded Western Europe, 97 percent of the opinion leaders said we should "send troops," but only 59 percent of the general public gave that response.

Since then, Washington and other centers of international influence have been trying, successfully or unsuccessfully, to compensate for the simpler conservatism of the general public. This is not the case. The typed-up conscription list summer over 2,000 to 3,000 Romanians troops in Cuba was part of the national campaign. Unable to live and Afghanistan and present threats to the all-father of the Gulf countries served the same purpose more effectively. A National pool of "overseer" Americans this February showed that public attitudes are changing dramatically. The number of people who would support a military response to a Soviet invasion jumped from 69 percent to 75 percent.

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AD-C90 & TDK

The Amazing Music Machine

BY JOHN JEROME

ANATOMY OF AN INJURY

Torn muscles and seeping tendons eventually yield to the healing process

FIVE MINUTES INTO a late-winter hockey game, I tripped, stupidly put out a hand to break the fall, and landed on my right forearm hitting the ice hard. Ouch. There seemed to be some damage.

A couple of paramedics happened to be present (not a bad arrangement for pickup hockey games). They put my arm through an orange of motion, tested my grip, and ascertained that the injury was limited to soft tissue—the kind of hurt for which the medical profession can't do a great deal. I'd torn muscles, tendons, and connective tissue. The tendons, said the medics, would be the painful part. Tendons serve as shovels; when damaged, they weep (just as your eye does when



you flick a finger in) and swell within the sheath, causing it to hurt badly. The medics said I'd have the painful part.

The thing couldn't have been worse. I complained. Circumstances—finishing a book, moving a homehole—had kept me inactive for the last few months of 1978, until I had developed some of the worst dead slumps in physical fitness. But I'd broken out of that in early winter swimming 3,000 hard yards a day and was beginning to feel the exhilaration of being on a moving curve again.

The treatment for the last twenty-four to twenty-two hours after such an injury is RICE: rest, compression, elevation—the rock tennis player I.C.T. holds down well—and reduces pain (by slowing nerve conduction). Besides, putting me on the place that hurts gives you the feeling you're doing something about it.

It's tricky. I saw the signs of widespread internal damage—rippled muscle fibers, ripped nerve endings, spinal collapse, smashed mitochondria (those tiny structures where energy is produced inside the muscle cell). All the minutest detail that makes the muscle useful is disturbed, and everything down to a ball (except for the pain fibers, which

are stimulated to frantic activity by the very trauma that puts your muscle fibers out of business). In small detail, some of these structures are terribly robust or tough. Fortunately they do have the capacity to restore themselves rapidly if given half a chance.

The repair and restoration of damaged flesh is a pretty positive natural process from which we should be able to derive at least useful pleasure. You just sit there, after all, and let physiology take over. The cell walls will indeed be torn, the pain fibers shot down, excess fluids pumped away, tissue exposed. The organism will restore itself. You should also be able to enjoy the process, and in fact there are times—when you haven't injured anything severely, when you're relaxed and comfortable—when the injury will almost seem to burn with healing. A warm, soft, glowing glow spreads through the injured area, giving you the reassuring impression of benign activity going on in three-dimensional space.

Unfortunatly, that's just the moment when you are likely to forget the injury. Strange to perform some usual task in the comfort of everyday life—twist a door handle, open a drawer, lift a book—and

you've spent a lifetime becoming accustomed to. Rags should be so surprising. Concomitant discomfort is the permanent trauma you carry as your body as you try to protect the injured part against the accidental little bumps and bumps that paralyze your rehabilitation. My shoulder and back usually seem to be like a sack of charcoal, with these muscles isolated from motion and replaced effort and useless rigidity, as I tried to protect the torn ligaments. That gave me a new set of aches to black about.

It's slow enough to start with, but within ten days my forearm had totally withered. I was amazed. I had tried to keep the arm free and in use, but there was already something wrong. I'd have suspected it if my arm had been in a cast. Endured inactivity of a limb causes the muscle to atrophy by as much as one percent per day. (In fact, I had broken the same arm two years before, and it had come out of the cast looking like something found outside one of the Easter Party's campers.) But I never thought a bad injury would cause my arm to dwindle away so rapidly.

After a certain point, healing involves the most physiological principles in biology. You stress the arm again and then let it rest, which gives it a chance to rebuild or heal itself stronger than before—as if it

shrunk and fell to your knees, crumpled sharply of the temporary pace of the healing process. It's maddening. Every time you try to go ahead and use your physical self for even the most innocuous of tasks, there is this barrier of discomfort and pain in your way. And it won't go away and won't go away and won't go away.

I gaped. For forty-eight hours my arm lay in a splint made from an Ace bandage and a long-handled wooden spoon. After that, I was unassisted but sometimes self-imposed. An injury is a debilitating, a debilitating light in your consciousness warning that you are out of control. You can't live to go about inhabiting your body with the careless ease and serene small pleasures

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MY BOSTON LAWYER CROOKED TO HIS CURRENCIES LIKE A WITCH TO HER CATS. "MY SWISSIES," HE WOULD CALL HIS SWISS FRANS. "MY SWISSIES ARE BACKED BY GOLD. COME, MY PETS, YOU CAN DO A DOLLAR..."

No, they're not to keep themselves. One afternoon, the last head of the Bundesbank, said that he was going to pull their dollars one, more of them, one new money would go to other currencies. My Swissies are going to one to one. One dollar, one Swissie.

"A three-dollar Swiss chocolate bar," I said.

"So what?" he said. "They'll make so much money banking, they'll buy the rest of the world's chocolate."

When President Carter ordered Iranian assets seized, my Boston lawyer was ecstatic. "Oh my," he said, "unwinding the bank deposits. That has to send a shiver through all our desert friends. They must think, hey, we're not a lot stashed there, what if they seize ours? Good-bye, Wal Street, hello, Frankfurt. The Swiss won't be able to lead them all, and the oilflow will be into the detestable mark and the gulden. Easy money!"

I was despairing of the house team. The Europeans were angry because their currencies had gone down while the dollar went up, and the dollar had paraded like the winner in a bullfight. Our citizens did not comprehend. If I was sitting in Jeddah or Kuwait or Abu Dhabi, I figured, where would I put down my hundred billion? The Swiss make the most of it. They have enough of them in circulation for big buyers, and there was that negative interest rate. The next currency was the mark—there were plenty of marks, and the German inflation rate was still relatively low. I saw the Swiss as the best of all—DM bonds, and the closest New York bank and they would lose me 85 percent of their market value.

My Boston lawyer had a currency account at a Swiss bank called Edger. I held off trading up with the DM bonds because Edger was coming to New York. Edger carries three little notebooks. One has the telephone numbers of bankers and clients all around the world. The second has the names of new money managers he's heard about and wants to try. The third has the telephone numbers of disreputable companies who might want to try the prices listed in the second. We met at a restaurant that had been an antique store.

I am not envious of Swiss bankers or their assets. I was once part owner of the hottest growing bank in Switzerland, and it went bust, and the people who bought it were 100-percent Swiss, and the lawyers and editors I met subsequently in its original writings were also 100-percent Swiss, and I wouldn't want to meet any of them in even a well-lit alley. But the Swiss popularized the anonymous bank account,

and there they had a product for which the weary and corrupt world looked, and now those banks channel a good bank of the world's money—direct or indirect, at least a good heavy suit—so they know which way the money is flowing. And Edger's bank is right up there.

"My analysis is very good," Edger said. "Our desert friends are pulling up the money unbelievably. After the first big oil boom, they spent the money or put it in dollars. Now they are becoming more resource. We saw the next wave go through gold and silver. Gold went from two hundred fifty dollars to eight hundred fifty dollars in only eight months and silver from six dollars to forty-eight dollars in a year. If you had a few contracts before the wave came, you made a fortune."

I visit a client near the marine marketplace. There are good prices and bad waves, just as Graham's law has good money and bad money. A good wave is one you ride right. A bad wave is a hundred feet high, and you don't survive it.

"Now we see the money spreading out," said Edger. "Too copper, rubber, sugar, and zinc. Sugar at a up from six cents to twenty-four cents in only six months. It didn't take much money to send gold and silver up, compared to how many dollars they're making."

I looked under my D-mark bond portfolio. "Very nice," said Edger. "But you may have a wait. The Germans do not want the mark (they go) for the demand for the mark in Germany. So the Bundesbank is among those banks that will be the last to leave. They don't have to live in the marketplace. [The Bundesbank is Germany's central bank, like our Federal Reserve Bank.] Now, Bundesbank doesn't want people bringing in dollars, and the Bundesbank and the Federal Reserve in New York have it figured so the whole exchange is smooth, and the investor doesn't benefit. You get, say, fifteen percent on a dollar bond today, and you get five percent on a German bond. So the D mark would have to go up ten percent for you to break even. By the time the passport builds up on the D mark, maybe the International Monetary Fund will be strange, maybe there will be a monetary account under the IMF into which you can go from dollars. That way the system would keep going."

I asked Edger what currency he liked. "The dollar," he said. "The dollar!" The editor, Edger said. "But our energy exports, our deficits." "True, and that may bring down the whole system in the long run," he said. "Not six months ago, you would have been

right—anything but the dollar. But now I see the Russians in Afghanistan—if they would go into Afghanistan, maybe they would make trouble somewhere else. What happens to Yugoslavia after Tito? Maybe the Russians wouldn't send tanks into West Germany, but maybe they can create a euphoria here that you have some sort of emergency, a disruption of every day business. If there's a disruption, I'd rather be in the States."

"That's the negative side in Europe. Then there's the positive side for yourselves. Maybe you'll come to your senses once you get your election out of the way. Maybe you'll put in a gas tax and get gas to two dollars and fifty cents a gallon, as it is in Europe, and that will cut the energy. Someday you'll have an energy program. And meanwhile, I can get fifteen percent on my dollars, maybe more if the rates go higher. My desert clients are more sophisticated now than in 1973. With all at thirty dollars a barrel, you can buy all the commodities and advisers and think tanks you want. And they're so telling me, Edger, buy on a firm loan, buy on a company somewhere in America."

"What if we don't come through with the gas tax and the energy program?"

"Then, you may pump too many dollars out, and we may well want them, but I don't know. And you know how we Swiss are. We have been looking gold a long time. It got to eight hundred city dollars an ounce, where could it go?"

Edger is a Swiss, as he says, and even though he's a Swiss banker, he doesn't think the dollar is all right, but he is not going to tell me when the next wave goes into D marks. I am not quite so optimistic as he sounds. I know our high interest rates will pull some money into dollars, but I am not quite so sure in the longer term that we can keep our energy heat. The Canadians turned out a government that tried to make some financial sense and put on a twenty-five cent gas tax. And we really groaned. The only way out of this pump is to use an abstraction like the currency. The international trading and banking systems have worked brilliantly since World War II. It's hard to imagine what life would be like without them. We could have less prosperity—the directly visible effects of that—and dismantled world trade and exchange controls. We could have a situation where we would have to fill our tanks to carry money around on a trip. Like the British, we could even get used to traveling with only \$140, chairs, and the willingness to grope.

ADAM SMITH is also author of *The Money Game*, *Supremacy*, and *Powers of Mind*.

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Esquire

**An Inquiry into the Persistence
Of Unwisdom in Government**

**UNWISE BECAUSE, SUGGESTS
THIS EMINENT HISTORIAN, MEN
CANNOT ADMIT ERROR, THEY LUST
FOR POWER, THEY LACK SELF-
CONFIDENCE AND MAGNANIMITY,
THEY ARE MORE INTERESTED
IN IMAGE THAN IN SUBSTANCE,
THEY RARELY GET THE RIGHT
INFORMATION LET ALONE KNOW
HOW TO ACT ON IT, AND BECAUSE
THEY'RE JUST PLAIN STUPID**

A PROBLEM THAT STRIKES ONE in the study of history, regardless of period, is why man makes a poorer performance of government than of almost any other human activity. In this sphere, wisdom—meaning judgment acting on experience, common sense, available knowledge, and a decent appreciation of probability—is less operative and more frustrated than it should be. Why do men in high office

so often act contrary to the way that reason points and enlightened self-interest suggests? Why does intelligent mental process so often seem to be paralyzed?

Why, to begin at the beginning, did the Trojan authorities drag that suspicious-looking wooden horse under their gates? Why did successive generations of George III—that "burden of unreluctancy" as Dr. Johnson called them collectively—insist on coexisting rather than conquering the Colonies though strongly advised otherwise by some contemporaries? Why did Napoleon and Hitler invade Russia? Why did the Kaiser's government

assume unrestricted submarine warfare in 1917 although explicitly warned that this would bring in the United States and that American belligerency would mean Germany's defeat? Why did Chiang Kai-shek refuse to heed any voice of reform or alarm until he was up to find that his country had slid from under him? Why did Landon Johnson,

Barbara W. Tuchman, 1986 winner of the Pulitzer Prize, is the author (most recently of *A Distant Mirror*). This article is adapted from a *Saturday Review* lecture, delivered before the United States Military Academy.

**BY BARBARA W.
TUCHMAN**

seconded by the best and the brightest, progressively analyze this nation in a way both cautious and halfhearted and from which nothing but bad for our side is to befall. Why does the present Administration continue to avoid introducing effective measures to reduce the wasteful consumption of oil while members at OPEC follow a price policy that cost bankrupt their continent? How is it possible that the Control Bulkhead Agency, whose function it is to provide, at taxpayer's expense, the information necessary to conduct a realistic foreign policy, could remain unaware that documents in a country crucial to our interests was being up to the point of destruction and overthrow of the ruler upon whom our policy rested? It has been reported that the CIA was ordered not to investigate the opposition to the side of Iran in order to spare Iran any indication that we took it seriously, but all of our sources were in the subject of the shared then like responsible government, I cannot bring myself to believe it.

There was a king of Spain once, Philip III, who is said to have died at a level he contracted from eating too long after a beer toast, a legend over which he died because the luncheon whose duty it was to remove the luncheon when summoned could not be found. In the late twentieth century, a legend to appear as if finished only by appearing in similar steps of suicidal incompetence. The Italian have been sitting in Philip III's hot seat for some time. The British trade unions, in a classic spectacle, seem periodically bent on dragging their country toward paralysis, apparently under the impression that they are saving it from the whole. Taiwan was thrown into a state of shock by the United States' recognition of the People's Republic of China because, according to our report, in the seven years since the Sino-Soviet Campain, the Communist rulers of Taiwan had "refused to accept the new trend in a reality."

Wooden-headedness is a factor that plays a remarkably large role in government. Wooden-headedness consists of assuming a situation in terms of preconceived, fixed actions while ignoring or ignoring up-country moves. It is acting according to what while not allowing oneself to be misled by the facts.

Classic case was the Sino-Soviet war of 1964, which concentrated everything on a French offensive to the Rhine, leaving the French left flank from Belgium to the Channel virtually unguarded. This strategy was based on the belief that the Germans would not attack the Rhine line and, without them, could not deploy enough manpower to extend their invasion through the French left. Reports by intelligence agencies in 1963 to the effect that the Germans were indeed preparing their assault for the first time in 1945 were completely ignored because the Ger-



ROME BURNS, NERO FIDDLES; THEN AND NOW, WISDOM ELUDES MEN WHO GOVERN.

ering sports in France, dreaming only of their own advance, did not want to believe in any signals that would require them to strengthen their left at the expense of their march to the Rhine. In the end, the Germans could not extend themselves around the French left with results that determined a long war and its fearful consequences for our century.

Wooden-headedness is also the refusal to learn from experience, a flaw in which fourth-century rulers were supreme. No matter how often and obviously de-

struction of the currency disrupted the economy and angered the people, French monarchs continued to resort to it when ever they were desperate for cash and they provided starvation among the bourgeoisie. No matter how often a country that depended on living off a hostile country can not stand and even starvation, campaigns for which this fate was seen to be regularly undertaken.

Still another form is identification of will with the state, as correctly exhibited by the tyrant Khosrow. No wooden-head-

edness is so imprudent as that of a tyrant. Because he is connected with a private will to the state, as often coming in on a lesser channel on which has, which leaves him ill equipped to guide his country in its own best interests.

Philosophers of government ever since Plato have devoted their thinking to the major issues of ethics, sovereignty, the social contract, the rights of man, the corruption of power, the balance between freedom and order

Five—except Machiavelli, who was concerned with government as it is, not as it should be—bothered with mere fables, although this has been a chronic and pervasive problem. "Know, my son," said a dying Swedish statesman to the seven-year-old prince, "with how little wisdom the world is governed." More recently, Woodrow Wilson warned, "In public affairs, stupidity is more dangerous than laziness."

Stupidity is not related to type of regime, monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy produce it equally. Nor is it peculiar to nations or class. The working class is represented by the Communist governments

inexcess to most recently of a few, living in power than the structure or the bourgeoisie, as has recently been demonstrated in recent history. Mao Tse-tung may be admired for many things, but the Great Leap Forward, with a steel plant in every backyard, and the Cultural Revolution were exercises in arrogance that greatly damaged China's progress and stability, not to mention the chairman's reputation. The record of the Russian proletariat in power can hardly be called enlightened, although after sixty years of control it must be accorded a kind of laudat success. If the majority of Russians are better off now than before, the cost is cruelty and

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN'S MUSCLES

BY JOHN CAREY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW NEASE

PLANNATE OF THE MONTH, MISS America, Las Vegas cheer girl, modeling beauty, dance major, intercollegiate athlete, bodybuilder, cover girl, pageant, cheerleader, a perfect size eight. The problem isn't that they're not pretty but that people sometimes shy and think that they are all there is to beauty. This magazine-of-TV-movie ideal is a negative gloss that beautifies many women and men, cutting down our range of vision, reducing our access to those lowest common denominators. This state, composite ideal is just appealing enough and shore of easy enough to make many of us like children who will not truly look. In fact, look beauty is a lot like what the playboys want is to beauty.

Some things should be convenient. It's a perfectly apt idea to simplify because tax forms, city traffic, kitchen chores, or the changing of typewriter ribbons. Ideas of beauty, however, should be varied, complex, and even difficult. But above all, they should be abundant. Why? Not because of a notion of equality, not because everybody's beautiful because we should pretend everybody's beautiful, but because beauty has been used to be discovered if we take a more alert look. Let us look, for example, at women's muscles, an area in which I was educated by lack.

I remember being in a college play in 1955, a time when most women's beauty were defined by femininity. A pretty face meant a button nose, sharp cheekbones under hair, fragile skin, a body long, small bones supporting a small amount of flesh that could be molded by femininity garments. Soft photographs were the best medium for the ideal. The terms of femininity at that time were "She looks like a field hockey captain" or "She's built like a full-back" it was not beautiful for a woman to be athletic, coarse, or muscular.

I had never given much thought or feeling to any female beauty apart from the prevailing mode.

I had a small part in the play, no I spent a lot of time working around and reading in a small storage room. After a week or so, I was joined by another cast member, a design student who had played and helped to build the set and had volunteered to take a thankless part as an extra in the last

act's rush scene. She was a big girl. At first, I paid only enough attention to her to have a sense of mass. We read in companionable silence for the first week. By the second week, we started chatting. I then noticed she had large, strong back, thick limbs, and a broad, ruddy face. She had a Dutch nose—let's say Wilhelmina. We became friendly, probably because not having been noticed by her looks, I was neither being shy nor showing off.

Wilhelmina was part of a mass dance number in the finale, and she would automatically warm up for five or ten minutes beforehand. She did some stretching exercises, but she also did things like sit-ups—at that time thought to be appropriate only to male jocks. She did them quickly and violently. She pulled hard each time she propped up from the floor, and a single strand of her coarse, rusty hair would fly out behind her and then fly across her forehead.

I ASKED HER IF ALL THAT EXERCISE WAS necessary for her part in the play.

She said, "Oh, no. I'm getting in shape for skating." And as a fact, at the weather turned cold, since she now went directly from the skater to the ice rink, she began coming to rehearsal in her skating outfit—a light-firming single-piece costume with a skirt, no shoes, and beauty as a bonus dress. As with a horse dress, the underpanta were to be reported in shorts.

In this costume, her upper leg was revealed to be herme—a thorn and thigh down to the knee were long, wide, and powerful. I did not get into them as beautiful. Not until Wilhelmina undertook a new exercise. She lay stomach-down on a low workbench and pulled herself forward at that the end of the workbench was at her nose. Her upper body lifted slowly until her head touched the door. She then raised her torso backward until her body was in a yawn divot position.

After a moment, she pointed out that it would be helpful if I would hold her legs on

the bench. As she straightened her back, I could feel ridges of her strength swell her calves under my hands. In fact, my hands felt like boats rising in a surge of the sea. It was impressive and stirring, but the popular notion of fashionable beauty kept me from decoding the message that I was receiving.

I asked her if that exercise was hard.

"Try it," she said.

SHE ASKED ME ON THE MORNING and held my calves. The exercise was hard work, associated by the distraction of heat from her broad back. Then halfway through, she decided it would be easier to stretch weight me by sitting on my legs. Her bottom was wet, as I might have guessed, a heavy softness but so firmly muscled as my own calves and ass (as far as I could tell from my calves) from within by this muscle.

"Now here's one that's really hard," she said.

She lay on her back on the floor. She put only her calves up on the bench. Her knees were just off the edge, her thighs straight up and down, her back flat on the floor. She asked me to sit on her when she would hold tight to the edges of the bench. She then straightened her whole body. It was absolutely rigid, in line with the top of the bench, her body from the knee up was held in rigid. It looked like a magic act.

The first time she did it I felt a passage of electric strength jump from her body to mine. It was this force that I understood. She knotted her back to the floor and breathed deeply. She smiled. I said, "That's amazing." But what I saw was that her whole body was beautifully proportioned, articulated in all its details, and expended in its undistorted shape, her white face, her large, long eyes, her wide nose, her hand, her jaw and chin, her straight collarbone, her deep rib cage.

She said, "Well, no. I'm going to try a again."

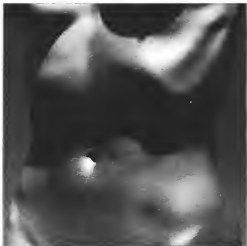
I felt the same belt of voltage. I saw the muscles knit across her broad stomach floor, hipbone to hipbone and her thigh muscles rise in sharp ridges from loins to knees.

She lay back, her face glowing even in



HER MUSCULAR BEAUTY MADE ME REALIZE I'D ONLY BEEN LOOKING AT A SMALL PORTION OF WOMEN'S beauty. (The number shows here and in the following pages belong to Heidi Hagman, a lead dancer at Bob Fosse's revue *All That Jazz*.)

JOHN CAREY'S PHOTOGRAPHY IS FINISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT SANTA BARBARA. HE HAS A BACHELOR'S DEGREE IN ARTS AND A MASTER'S DEGREE IN ART. HE IS CURRENTLY A STUDENT OF ARTS IN A NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY IN BOSTON, MASS.



I SAW THAT HER WHOLE BODY WAS BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED, ARTICULATE IN ALL ITS DETAILS, and splashed in its shape. I saw the muscles that under her breast stretch down to her waist and her thigh muscles rise in sharp ridges.

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]



HER UPPER LEG WAS REVEALED TO BE HEROIC—THE HAUNCH AND THE THIGH DOWN TO THE KNEE were long, wide, and powerful. Her buttocks were not a heavy volume, as I had guessed, but firmly muscled and rounded from rather by muscle.

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

the shadow cast by my shoulders as I leaned over to see her.

"Once more," she said.

This time I moved her knees, perfect, her mouth pitched upward at the hard hint of her flexed muscles.

She lowered herself and let out a breath. She said, "Good. That's enough."

I stood up, and she swung her knees off the floor. I sat with my mouth open, seeing things struggling to rise to the occasion of that vision. Wilkeson sat up, crossed her legs, held up one hand, which I took. She stood up—there was no weight on my hand, only a slight rattling of her long fingers. She was so tall as I was, her eyes were large and kind.

I was only an acceptance student, I think I thought I had either to fall in love or to go away. I didn't tell her I saw how beautiful she was.

But it was a lesson. Her huge beauty, which she unabashedly made an occasion I'd only been looking at a small portion of women's beauty that happened to be accentuated by what was then fashionable

AFTER OR NO LATER, THE DIRECTOR of another college play I was in insisted that everyone in the cast take a modern dance class. There were dance boys and of course a dozen girls and women. The exercise was surprisingly difficult and fascinating—it even helped me move better in soccer. But what kept me coming back was the teenage trive of beauty. At least half of the women and girls were good dancers. Simply to stand in that low-collapse stance while they moved was to receive the shock of Wilkeson all over again, multiplied and magnified—and this reflected in a floor-to-ceiling mirror that covered the entire front wall. The small circle of space was filled with control, movement, intensity—their fluidness of body that was more compelling than any static pose in any picture. The impression I had was not that the footwork and lights covered the skin but that the skin had apparently been removed, and here it glided away—and now we were down to the muscle, flesh, and bone, the essential forms and motions of the body.

I knew one of the girls, Margo. She had once mentioned to me that she danced, but I hadn't known what she meant. She was short and a everyday life dressed as a large, baggy sweater and knee boots, all of which was often covered with a wide coat. In these clothes she looked like a top technician who had been sloughing. But here—called on by the instructor to demonstrate part of a dance—she suddenly seemed the ideal one. As she relaxed, she grew long; she seemed capable of reaching out to touch the topmost corners of the room, as she contracted, her curled back with its perfect and delicate as a newborn cap. I couldn't help noticing that she was handsome in ways I hadn't

seen: the soft sharpness of her hips, the curved line of her front thigh—as powerfully flexed as a bent sapling. I even caught a glimpse of the relaxed fullness of her mouth, lips and sides in the quick lifting and settling of her dancing.

What was curious was that once I discovered she was capable of beauty, my friendship if no longer felt it necessary either to fall in love or to go away) picked up. It was not just that she knew I admired her. It was that afterward, even seeing her shrink back into her skin coat, I saw one more in her. I felt more in her. A passage had been opened that enabled me to be more in touch with her sentiment and self, beyond of her sharpness. And even, sometimes, sharing of her nervous energy and sympathetic to her troubles.

Since 1958 and 1960 (Wilkeson and Margo), American notions have changed a little. There is now a general acceptance of at least a slender and willowy athletic look. Everyone, including our student pungees, is out jogging or playing tennis.

Nevertheless, there are also many more women pursuing sports seriously. I can hear women because all their team I've gone early regularly to tracks, playing fields, and gyms, especially since I've been teaching at the University of Virginia. Among the generally bright students, there is an extraordinary large group of men and women who are serious athletes in the old sense of the word. But it is the women's teams that are more successful. This turn of events has occurred at late ten. Women's field hockey, rugby, tennis, lacrosse, all flourish and send teams to national tournaments.

ASKED HONESTLY about my present as now in that longish, or no-longer-well-known, many of my students while they're not getting in shape. Over the years, I have got to see one recognize who plays what sport on the basis of muscle structure among the male students. As men and women player and team leader, their builds begin to differentiate themselves too.

Among the women, the cross-country runners are a particularly elegant group. It is no surprise that long-distance runners are lean, but what is surprising is the simple clarity of women runners. In earlier, the women runners are light and lean. Seizing a grasp of them leaping up and over a block is like watching the collective arc of a shower of arrows. But watching a single runner in repose, I see the long, curved plunger, the shadow curve and increase of a wing. They have the same aliveness, at first glance, as dancers, the same long muscles—but the definition is simpler. It is the difference between the curve of a wave at sea and a wave at a turbulent river.

The women who play field hockey and lacrosse (there are some who do both)

sprint and stop short and sprint again, all while mauling their sticks. These repeated bursts make for shorter, fatter muscles. In their most wiry form, these muscles give the force a handsome Polka-dot interplay between circle and square. There is a profile a deeper, more delicate curve to calf, knee, and bottom and to pectoral muscle and bust. All this, the shoulders and ribs even. Men slightly squared behind, the hips and bottom also seem more boxed, broadened, condensed but still full—the two-volume edition of the Oxford English Dictionary tightly stacked.

Occasionally, the gashings the long front thigh muscle builds to quite powerfully around the top of the knee so that when the leg locks in a sudden stop, the muscle seems to flare about the kneecap like a cobra's hood—a prominently similar and exotic detail.

BUT AGAIN IT IS IN MOTION THAT ALL this muscular grace makes sense. I was once taking a slow extra lap around a field on which the women's lacrosse team was playing a match. I accompanied one of the Virginia forwards, a student whose written work I'd admired. I knew her only slightly—she'd had two or three somewhat formal interviews. I saw she was handsome, but I didn't quite get the picture—perhaps because it was dimmed by either severity or shyness. I stopped to watch.

I was surprised at the level of play in general—both intense and elegant. I stood behind the opposing team's goal, as I was in position to see my student take part in the attack and, toward the end of the first half, score a very pretty goal. She took a high pass, dipped under a defender's stick and wrist, and slipped sideways to avoid another defender. She seemed to float away to avoid a pole check, then suddenly rose and worked in a shot from high to low. The ball curved the far corner of the goal mouth, spinning past the goalie's leg. I noticed my student's face just after the shot went in—not flushingly excited but so alert and clear that I already knew she, and I'd been puzzled by a pointing and then stepped back and looked again and saw what was there at all. When kicked into from their attack to goal to goal was this, a smooth, dark, very curly, a head brightness of eye and teeth, a youth—compact body twisting and prancing on hard legs, and little, quick look—a Pin in female form.

My wife once wrote a funny story called "Is There a Heaven for Perfect Women Soccer?" I think I know what the most, though the phrase is as surprising and very as one of her better understanding of words. I think she was suggesting at least one thing at common with what I've been writing about here—the best beauties are too fast to be caught by photos or cinema.



SHE WAS HANDSOME IN WAYS I HADN'T SEEN: THE DEPTHS SHARPNESS OF HER HIPS, THE CURVED LINE OF HER FRONT THIGH—AS POWERFULLY FLEXED AS A BENT S sapling. A passage was opened that enabled me to be more in touch with her sentiment and self.

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TOM HAYDEN'S MANIFEST DESTINY

"Ambition," says Tom Hayden, "is the enemy." Rarely has an enemy been such a faithful friend

by Joel Kotkin

TOM HAYDEN WAS WEARING a polyester suit in his office. He was tanned and authoritative at thirty-nine, and yet there was something adolescent about his get-to, gutter-mouthed face. Tom Hayden, the archibasic revolutionary, had no regard in his portfolio and residence and a lead of notorious boy's defiance. He had to have those things, because Tom Hayden was, in his mind and someone who wanted to change events. He wanted to make history. He knew what it took.

Even without the postwar war, Hayden had already made a little history, and there was something of the stuff of legend in him. Nine years ago he had reached his late, changed his name, and lived in obscurity. By the mid-Seventies, though, he was back as a political force by the late Seventies, he had become a new order of political hero. Now, he sat in his office, in his polyester suit, holding a bottle of club soda. "I came to the edge of the abyss," he said, "near to going it all up, but I didn't go in. There was just this part of me that wanted to survive and succeed. I didn't want to self-destruct."

He had glimpsed brilliantly—he was a great achiever. In an age of economic insecurity, he focused on real control, on utility rates; in an age of environmental junk, he attacked corporate brawns, nuclear power, the use of pesticides. As a time when the Left was disintegrated, he built a machine that 8,000-member Campaign for Economic Democracy's, divided its arm across thirty California chapters, and then made it an unstoppable part of Governor Jerry Brown's political campaign. In an age of celebrity obscurity, he earned a famous film star. He took a lot of heat for that—people were anxious to say that Tom Hayden exploited his wife for his own ambition.

"Sure. I know it helps getting me all my media," he said. He took a gulp of club

soda. "Sure, my name identification is more linked to mine than to the Chicago Eight. *Albino* got more play than the trial." He stopped to think. "But I don't care what they say about me. However one gets in the door, wherever way social movements start."

NOTHING AUGURS BETTER FOR Hayden than the reform American militancy. Hayden suddenly was handed the opportunity to re-create the student heir and since the days of SDS (Students for a Democratic Society), immediately after Carter's call to register young people for the draft, Hayden said, "I think student quickly ended twenty-four hours ago." By mid-February, CED organizers had set up demonstrations and teach-ins at some twenty colleges and universities in California. At a rally at California State University at Sacramento, the old rhetoric served Hayden well. "You can stop a war," he belted. "You can topple anyone who tries to shove a war down your throat!" The students cheered the reporters wrote. It may as well have been 1968. Our hero had lived in last time more.

The CED machine may not be a big one, but it is working. It has a way at the ballot box in Berkeley, Oakland, Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Davis, and Santa Cruz. Hayden's bunch pushed for and won real control bills in at least four California cities. They have elected or have won appointments to boards of supervisors in at least three counties: San Mateo, the mayor of Berkeley, is a CED member. CED members and their allies have won victory control over Santa Monica. Hayden's new hometown, which until recently was a bastion of the Republican party.

Getting press is no longer a problem. Stories on Hayden and CED now appear regularly in all California's major papers. His 1979 fall tour with Jane expanded his

coverage, winning acceptance from the supposedly cynical press in the eastern homeland, from Long Island to Three Mile Island. He has been pronounced serious. When Tom Hayden talks these days about running for the Senate in 1982, as he did in 1976, they don't laugh anymore. He can even whisper about running for President without people questioning his sanity.

MOST OF THE LEADERS OF THE student Left were either mid-childish babies, wanted no social dreams, or children of the upper-middle class. Tom Hayden was neither. He was born in Detroit in 1930. His father was an accountant from Milwaukee who joined the Marines during World War II. In an established career, Hayden has written that he had nightmares of "Japanese suicide squads running wild through our cities, with me leaping out of bed and clutching insects and running in terror in my pajamas." Tom's mother, Grace, was a fireman, a Catholic in fact but without fervor, and a New Deal Democrat. When Tom's father came back from the war and started drinking heavily, the Haydens divorced, and Tom grew up living with his mother.

A small, dark kid with a severe case problem, Hayden completed fearfully in sports. He played a lethal game of

P People see something in me they want to see. I'm their mirror."

baseball. He was also an ambitious student. "I dealt with the insecurity of being an outsider," he recorded. "First, by becoming a brat, advanced kid in class, winning spelling contests and reading aloud from St. Thomas Aquinas to outpace the class as the second grade."

Midwestern love for Tom Hayden as a second-class lesson. He fell for an upper-



Does Tom? The 1980 Hayden in front of the Santa Monica home he shares with Jane Fonda and their children, his jeans are pressed. He is a happy man. Nine years ago he was a fugitive from himself, living under an assumed name, alone.

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She was disappointed but then told me that she

senators violence. Later, at the summit of 1970, within the confines of Reagan's magazine, Hayden would denounce the extremists as "left columnists." By then he was beginning to sit public with his hatred of the doctrine of party line.

IN 1970 HAYDEN WENT WEST TO California and helped organize the Red Family, the Berkeley commune known as the first fusion of socialism and experimental living. He gathered friends around himself and his love, Anne Wells, a mild-looking leader of the local feminist movement. It was a radical lefty tale. Hayden, the hero of the Left, in love with



The orator Hayden, above his son, Ernest, as a Chicago champion, 1966.

Wells, emerged from her then husband, the socialist Robert Kennedy, as the editor of *Ramparts* (she owns a writer for the Los Angeles Times). She named him through most of the Chicago trial and snatched the publicity from him into a media push. His life changed, she says, "before my eyes." The seed, the media, the grapes, got to his head. Being able to make history was always a part of him, but after that, it was something he couldn't do without.

After that, their husbands became a battleground for politics. Despite his protestations of devotion to her leadership, she denounced him as a rate chairman and a publicity monger. In the world outside of the commune's utopian inside (the part of the world that read *Ramparts* anywhere—the world that kept up on the New Left), Hayden was the star: the financial orator, the spokesman for white radicals in America.

Eventually, the conflict between the two lovers threatened to tear the Red Family apart on social boundaries. There was a final showdown, and Hayden was ousted from political and cultural membership by Wells and the feminists. He was called on the commune charges, accused

even by some of his male friends. Hayden, according to witnesses, broke down and cried. Wells, who is now a step forward as the regular lecturer on Oakland and records. "When I broke up with him it was not because I didn't love the man but because he misused and betrayed me," she says. She was the woman, the socialist. He is the most manipulative, power conscious person—obsessed with it—have ever known.

It was said, from Hayden records. "The resolution of the cooperative reality between myself and Anne with everyone else participating in the ritual taking of the father figure. What humiliation and what loss. The idols of the movement, all those who lived to see this destroyed, were out spreading the word."

He planned to stay close to

Sometimes feel that until I'm knocked out, some people won't feel they've finished their job of abolishing the Sixties."

the family, close to the movement, but they didn't want his influence or his presence. He gathered up the remnants of a pig-wash, not just a few belongings into his 1967 Volkswagen, and headed south toward Los Angeles.

He entered the city in jeans, his shaggy hair, Cal of Don the farmer country of revolution, the small-armies presence at the firing range, the karate training sessions, the ideological discussions. He was left disconnected a nobody with the task of living, not society, but



National symbol: He becomes a network news regular when the Chicago Eight trials ran nightly on TV.

himself. Struck with his sudden obscurity, he decided to change his name to Ernest Garity, another rebirth from the Sixties. It was born again, he wrote later. Just another identity, a name, saying by the month. He moved into a dingy apartment in Venice, by the Pacific. Like other polit-



The martyr: The Chicago slummer read about.

icians Tom Hayden senior. SEEKING OUT SOME SENSE OF community, Ernest Garity made contacts among the lack of Los Angeles. They took him in, joined him money talked to him about their middle-class working-class concerns. They took him seriously as one of them. Slowly, he ego-

list up, and he was amazed that he had kept going. By the end of 1971, he decided to shed his identity as Ernest Garity.

THAT YEAR, HE HAD SHARED AN editorial platform at Ann Arbor. Michigan with Joan Pardo, whose political activism was already a source of national controversy. "She took love like a baseball," Hayden remembers. "She entered the packed room, hundreds of eyes scanning her. She was alone and nervous, eyes during emotion, hands constantly pulling down her light purple shirt over her top."

Hayden sexual rights, he recalls that he had her strong, long looks, Joan Pardo was a towering, serene woman seeking the top part of a strong man. It took while, however, he was to realize that he might be the man. He was, associated at first by Pardo's sister met him more than a year after their Ann Arbor meeting. Hayden helped her prepare an interview with the *Chicago Tribune* about her new platform from women

transitions of Vietnamese propaganda to something he thought would be more "commercial." One night in Los Angeles after they showed pictures of Vietnamese prostitutes who had been prostituted by police, surgeons in order to please GI patrons, Joan was embly

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and Jon Wright. Staffers worked for him, and voters responded to his earnest, issue-oriented campaign. He emerged as a star as his own right. He lost, but he gathered nearly 40 percent of the vote, and John Tanney was a better man. (He fell months later to a 1.5 leukemia.) Hayden had proved his point. He could succeed in electoral politics; he could raise money; gather troops, destroy liberal leaders—even senators—if he had to.

HAYDEN PULLED TOGETHER the accounts of his Senate campaign organization to form the Campaign for Economic Democracy. To build an effective machine, he began bringing into the organization writers, strategy people, groups—any organization with which he could do business. With the help of Jon's money, he established offices in Sacramento, Los Angeles, and San Diego. By early 1984, CED had thirty-four chapters and more 8,000 members. It was the largest single-organized force on the California Left, and, unlike other New Left groups that chose their interests over long wrangling among the members, CED was run like a family business. Its books were closed to the public, its fund raising and decision making made almost solely with Tim and Jon's aid.

Hayden became a different kind of politician—he read polls and chose names based on what they might do for the organization. One day at Hayden's Los Angeles headquarters, I viewed Hayden's Poll Institute survey showing that California voters were in favor of rent control. Hayden began jumping around his office. "This is great!" he said. "I told you rent control was a great issue." He ran to the copying machine, made a few duplicates for himself, spread back to his chair, put his feet up on the table. "People think this isn't going our way, that the Right has all the answers," he said joyfully.

If you're not careful, you end up turning your kids, your house, into props.

climbing the polls in his list. "Bullshit." As CED grew, Hayden sloughed through socialists, policeman support from rural California by talking about pesticides, from rich liberals by talking about solar power, from blacks by talking about South African investments. But what was CED? I asked Hayden one day to describe

the organization's politics, and he made a face. "Progressive," he said after a long pause.

"What the hell does that mean?" I asked him. "It's not socialism. It could mean anything."

Hayden showed no surprise. "I know," he said. "It's kind of bland."



Notes on the package: His route for governor from California in 1976 and his last family-friendly behind bars.

"It's kind of worthless," I said. Hayden forced a stiff smile, shuffled his feet, ran his hand through his gray-streaked hair. "I don't know, it's part a word," he said. "We're not going to win it, but I do have in California, people can move where Mark wants on the nuclear power issue."

JERRY BREWSTER turned to Hayden and Ron in 1979, when a right-wing cabal in the California legislature seemed on the verge of passing a resolution denouncing Jane as a traitor. Brown, then the California secretary of state, put several to the attack, and while Brown ran for governor in 1978, he had new allies on his side.

Against the wishes of CED members who saw the governor as reactionary opportunist, Hayden joined forces with

Brown, who knew he'd need Hayden before long. Brown appointed Hayden the state representative on the Western SUN (Solar Utilization Network) board of directors, he made him de facto chair of the state's audacious solar energy program, and he gave Hayden a seat on the Southwest Border Regional Commission, an influential post in a state whose relations with Mexico are essential to its economy.

By 1977, Hayden had become an accessory to the governor's core of advisers. One day that year I was in Sacramento covering Brown, and I ran into Hayden sitting at a typewriter in the governor's office. "What the hell are you doing here?" I asked.

Hayden smiled at me like an alley cat. "Oh," he said, "I'm just doing a little work for Jerry. Can never hurt," and he accelerated the fury of his hand-pump typewriter.

It was a brilliant strategy, leading the rising political trajectory of Jerry Brown to the endangered Hayden band in advocacy. "We have changed the focus of California policy with this," Hayden said. "Now it's the governor and CED against corporate elite." Relaxing in his wood-paneled living room, he unfolded Hayden's plan. "Jerry's the only governor we've got. He's the only person around who can give us power and legitimacy. If Teddy Kennedy were governor of California, we'd be working for him instead."

"Jerry ended up in Tim and Jane's party," says one aide to the governor, "because they're not wrong. Jerry hates being boxed. Really, in a funny way Jerry's the innocent in the alliance with Tim and Jane."

Neither force wants to look exploited; each clearly feels it's getting the better of the deal. If Jerry Brown's 2000 or 2004 plans are to get anywhere, they'll depend on the kind of foot soldiers that a political lobby like CED can provide. If Tim Hayden wants a Senate nomination in the future, he needs the governor.

At a recent meeting with businessmen and fat cat donors, Brown had to face an angry crowd that wanted to know why he had teamed himself up with CED. According to one of the contributors present, Brown looked sheepily at them and said, "Look, do you see John Tanney in the United States Senate? No. Want to know why? Because he didn't protect his left flank; he let Hayden get to him. I'm not that dumb. So," he continued, and straightened like a leather butcher. "I threw a few bones to Tim and Jane."

Let, says part to Hayden's machine.

Illustration: GARY



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well-outlining the political nature of its charitable ally. "Brown's the one against the well, not us," one top CED insider says. At the January 1980 Democratic convention, in San Francisco, Brown was booed by the Carter and Kennedy factions, but CED, following its vote far below, made up much of the government's policy tilt against it. The well-disgusted Haydens expressed many political observers at the convention by successfully meaning through a resolution that evoked the idea of public members on the boards of directors of energy companies. Another CED-sponsored resolution, calling for a total phase-out of nuclear power, just missed winning a majority. Despite Brown's apoplexy, the convention proved a telling triumph for Hayden.

"This is not fun and games with Tom and Jane," Gray Davis, Brown's top aide and closest adviser, says, looking as though he'd just swallowed too food. "It's as simple as this: He has the troops, and he has the funds. You guess how it goes over here."

AND THERE WAS PATRINAUGE. With a degree of control over both state and federal solar funds, Hay-



Team at work: Hayden and Banks became spontaneous well-funded activists, 1972.

den now serves as the coeditor of the California edition of Western SUN, seen as conflict in supporting CED at the same time he is working for Western SUN. "We

I don't think my ideas are so special. But there is something different when my ideas start getting a million votes."

den has been able to hand out largesse to local California politicians who're developing pilot solar programs. Utility companies—out in the Hayden circle and recently minimalist of him—were completely taken out of the solar action. "I get this terrible sickness feeling that they only see solar as a way to build their machine," and one state-solar official, who was afraid to go on the record by name against Tom Hayden. "They develop programs with states so they can provide strong connections to local officials, which serves their political purposes."

"Behind the democratic veneer, there's very autocratic, and," said the official, "with the governor behind him, he bullies any businessman he wants." He looked around the room for eavesdroppers and went out as a whisper: "For a phenomenon of new politics, Haydens very old politics. If you don't see him that way, you miss it all. Everything he does is a way station to power."

Hayden can't even try to hide the political opportunities behind their work. Larry Levin, a longtime Hayden associate

was so busy as every people as possible into CED, "he was completely blind." Charges that CED has promoted itself with government funds are being investigated by a California legislative committee.



Rebels with cause: Hayden and Banks take the road show to D.C. for their big antinuclear triumph

too. "We're up to as more suspicious contracts of theirs, it's incredible," says an associate who claims to be Hayden's growing political chum. "Thanks to a pattern of CED using the strongest money for the sake of the movement on rock control."

Hayden denies any wrongdoing in the part of his CED commitments. Broadman dismisses the Hayden state as the president of government, with no money among a list of CED's budget using power. But a great deal of the criticism comes from pro-nuclear and antinuclear groups who assert that CED and Hayden take credit for popular causes and leave them with all the bad work.

Well, that's the way a good machine works. "We are thinking about building a not strong organization on these issues we have selected," says Broadman.

"TOM'S BASIC PROBLEM IS HE can't be an up-front politician. He'll never look good on television, he doesn't work events well. He wants to be a star more than anything else, more than Jane, but he doesn't know how," and one long-term political ally.

When I asked Tom Hayden what he thought of this assessment, he bristled. His back stiffened, and he pulled at the sleeves of his coat. I looked into those weary, almost confused eyes, and I tried to imagine a Senator Hayden or a President Hayden. Somehow I just couldn't see it, but then there are a lot of men whom journalists can't imagine getting elected.

"You know," Hayden said, and pointed for himself, "every now and then we are around for money to be a leader. The movement wasn't supposed to have leaders. But they never told the Vietnamese they couldn't have Ho Chi Minh. Well, did they? It's about time we say it's okay to be a leader." One of Hayden's closest right-hand men, a fat, friendly, middle-aged, and I have a right to try to be one. Look, still I want a chance. He passed once more. "Just a chance to make a little history."

I ARRIVED AT THE Hayden house one night along with an NBC camera crew that came through a lot by their reporter Heidi Schuchman. Tom smiled at her and she smiled up with the camera people who were adjusting their lights. He said, very optimist. Tom turned toward me and walked over to some wooden cabinets. His muddy hands grabbed a whole pile of papers, loosely shoved into folders—his papers, his memoranda. "It's ready as hell," he said, and he eyes in up at him. "It really is. So, we've got to figure out what this all means." He

started to talk about his old friends about their last days in the movement, their safe houses, their desperate nighttime trips at the end of a blackout when they really thought of one another. He said that and then added quickly, "I didn't do drugs."



The optimist: As leader of a defunct constituency, he is open to new friends.

Rivers led me into his study, still talking rapidly about the old days. Then he heard the camera crew arriving, and he heard Jane, the star, making her entrance from the upstairs sanctuaries. This was no instant business. "Hello, Barack, son," he said slowly and greeted to the camera on the table. "And do you see a boy?" He said, "You think you could put them in chronological order?"

From the study I heard the act before the NBC camera and he sounded like a well-rehearsed radio show. Jane spoke correctly and vividly about being a victim actor. "There were the predictable 'booby' and 'hand' responses about the Black visits, about drugs—and then were answered with proper pauses and well-coached phrases. I peered out at the study for a look. It was the spiced crest of all time. He and Nelson, 1978. Steve and Harriet met the press. Jane was relaxed and attractive in her make-up, lit up the lights. Tom was urbane and thoughtful in gestures. As soon as the interview was over, Jane invited to the kitchen to pick up a call from bubbling supervisor Steven Casady, a potential CEO contributor.

Jane talked to Steve and Tom had blacked against the wall. He was explaining the political workbooks of Jerry Brown to her, placed, unconcerned like his bird was on her shoulder. "We should really get to know each other," he told her earnestly. Schwartz nodded and slowly moved toward the front door. The door had opened the line. It was unclear whether his movement had gotten through.

The NBC crew departed, and a few

Hayden family members—Fred Brandman, national tour director Stephen Rivers, elderly sister—stayed in the house and sat talking in the dining room with Tom. The conversation ended on, but suddenly Tom perked up. "Is Jane still on with Steve?" he asked. Yes, he was told. "I want to talk to him," he said, and then looked directly at me. "She's even shown Casady in into economic democracy."

Tom took the phone; Jane suddenly looked toward, then dismissed—a weary forty-one-year-

Why would anyone want the craziest job in America? Why would I think about becoming President?"

old campaigner Stephen Rivers, the national tour's small, portly coordinator, asked with a sweet tenderness whether Jane could do just a few telephone interviews with reporters the next day. The exchange: "You promised me just three interviews and I've already done two," Jane growled. She was tired, at night. I moved behind a table. Everyone crowded as she stood there, then went on this hope, leaving like some man-

gler—just comes. Tom admitted that despite all his positive statements to NBC moments earlier about Jerry Brown, the governor's campaign didn't have a chance. "It would take a word series of events," he said, "for Jerry to get anywhere."

Hayden seemed relaxed with the boys. It was his last day of club. He seemed to achieve a comfortable state, he reclined and closed his eyes as if having a vision. "Recently is the last group of the old guard. People will become disillusioned with him, just like we did in the Sixties."

Later at night you say things. "It's com-

ing, we're going to take over," Hayden said, full of it, his eyes shining. "The last few administrations have all been controlled by the generation of World War II. The next big generation will be those who came to political life during Vietnam. My generation. The country will be under our influence for a long time to come."

Hayden went upstairs while the rest of us continued talking and laughing. A few minutes later, Tom came slowly down-



Natural succession: Hayden, Ponder, the governor of California, peer over a Capitol burnside at thousands of antiracist demonstrators, the tone of a new voting bloc.

re-lit but didn't go back. Tom walked in from the kitchen, smiling and bright after his dual triumphs with Fred Schuman and Steven Casady. Jane, I'd up, announced she was going upstairs to read.

Jane left, the atmosphere lightened, and Tom, Brandman, Rivers, and I sat down in the living room to shoot the old shot to-

gether, dressed only in a pair of blue shorts, his tuxedo jacket hanging over the backboard. "James complaining she can't sleep with the noise," he said, looking through "Storrs" eyes. He shrugged, and the good whiskey rushed up the steps to his will, to the life he had made, and to dreams of national power. ☐

PONTIAC TAKES ON THE IMPORTS

FIREBIRD vs. MAZDA RX 7 "S"

Some car enthusiasts think of Mazda RX 7 "S" as an economical, sporty import. If you're one of them, here's surprising news from Pontiac: FIREBIRD OFFERS BETTER MILEAGE AND RANGE.

Pontiac Firebird rates 20 EPA EST MPG while Mazda RX 7 "S" offers only 16 EPA EST MPG. Multiply Firebird's 30 EPA EST MPG by its 21 gallon fuel tank, and you'll see Firebird has an estimated range of 450 miles. Mazda RX 7 "S" has a fuel capacity of 14.5 gallons, giving it an estimated range of only 232 miles. Remember: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length.

Firebird mileage and range lower in California—Mazda's are the same. Firebirds are equipped with GM built engines produced by various



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divisions. See your dealer for details. FIREBIRD HAS LOWER ANNUAL FUEL COSTS. According to the fuel economy sticker the government requires on every new car sold in America, Firebird costs \$206 less per year for gas than Mazda RX 7 "S". The EPA lists

annual fuel costs on each car's "estimated mpg" for 15,000 miles of 90¢ per gallon. However, the actual fuel costs quoted here are based on a more realistic fuel price of \$1.10 per gallon.

FIREBIRD HAS A LOWER INITIAL PRICE. At \$8132, Firebird is priced at \$148 less than Mazda RX 7 "S". This lower car comparison of manufacturer suggested retail prices includes automatic transmission and dealer prep. Taxes, license and available equipment additional. Destination charges vary by location and affect comparison. List of standard equipment varies.

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AND WINS BY \$1954!





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POETIC FOOD LICENSE

SHYLA IRVING has the only one in the world. She uses it to preserve the memories of great dinner parties in words and pictures.

When she and her husband, novelist John Irving, throw dinner parties, the guests invariably include the poets and writers who are their neighbors in Putney, Vermont. But a meal with the Irvings turns out to be unusual: Mrs. Irving not only likes to cook food, she likes to photograph it. What's more, when a literary friend admires a photograph, she gives it away—on the condition that her friend write a piece inspired by the image. Here's what happens when Shyla Irving flashes her poetic food license.



SHYLA IRVING STOPS FOR A MOMENT TO RE PHOTOGRAPH IN HER FOURTH ATTEMPT



THE ROYAL CROUS BANANAS

Shown here, the Crown Bananas in their original pose. These royal bananas, a gift to the agent from a grateful tropical people, were once used in movies, but a handful passed up two were eaten as a picnic by the Crown Bananas, then which we get the popular saying "The King monkey is up two bananas."

The banana, valued at about 20 cents a pound, will be shown circa April 23rd — Stanley Elia.

The photographs in *Food by Shyla Irving* and the following pages are from a work in progress entitled *The Still Lives of Our Meals*.



SINCLAIR'S PHOTO
OF TWO EGGS

It is natural
To use these eggs
As if they were open,
Then entire plate
Of food nature
Is of it open.
It is a subtle
The desire to be made
Overlaid will not
Said to be dishes.
That is why
It is a natural necessity
To reveal ourselves
Of what we are doing
Baking the egg
Is a kind of abortion.
So we quantify
The rights of survivors
It is often necessary
To dispose with beauty
As I have done here
Just to survive a moment
But beauty surrounds
The invisible egg.
If you a little go
We are at ease in perfection,
And have of its life.
Even as a stone
It will not let go
Of its life.
Even as a stone
It will not
Let go of its life.
Even as an eye
Among trees and still
That's not what we see
It is the egg.
Concerns us today
In white and yellow
And in the original
And of and

—Marvin Bell



SUNRISE

This is for those who flower
In blossom. For the flowers of abundance
Of many petals. The poor (those flowers),
The flower cannot show, whose history
Heart must be seen through.

And its brother
As many of us many have, as often ended
Out all, abundance. So it opens to experience
One who know has been that, years
Of giving, the pain between darkness
And fullness of sun

Remembering the darkness clouds
rise over the hillside, blue and white
fields broadcast. Like a wish to be touched
To be embraced, to disappear, this is the dream
of those called. The red and green, the first light
we fly away from, then we want to flower for

—Eva Isakoff

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ESQUIRE'S 1980

BASEBALL

PREVIEW

Will America's Fans Please Rise...

ANTHEM TO A NATIONAL PASTIME

By Art Hill



BASEBALL IS THE FAVORITE AMERICAN SPORT BECAUSE IT'S SO SLOW. ANY IDIOT CAN FOLLOW IT. AND JUST ABOUT ANY IDIOT CAN PLAY IT.

The speaker is Gene Vadal, as strongly quoted by his son Gabe in *Masters of Post and a Pitcher*.

I paid to see a game, therefore, Vadal himself is an advertiser for Gene Vadal as a writer. He has been called our finest living baseball writer. That's strictly true, it's close enough. But in this case he, like his father in describing, tends to say advice with something you have to find on your own. I don't know why, perhaps, but I can make a good guess. Gene Vadal does a lot of baseball because there is almost nothing he does like. If he liked more things, he would be a more interesting writer but, on occasion, a more reliable source. As for his father, I suspect that Gene Vadal, like many great athletes, couldn't hit a curve ball. You may have noticed how often people who can't or can change will find that the things they can't do are often all, not worth doing.

Of all the games played by large numbers of people, baseball is the hardest to master. Hitting a baseball is the single most difficult skill in sport, as evidenced by the fact that even the best hitters do it successfully less than 20 percent of the time. And hitting is only half the story. You could take a boy out of the country, a big, strong boy who had never seen a football or basketball game, and tell him to go out and play defensive tackle and he couldn't. Badly, someone has to

could do it. But tell him to go out and play shortstop ("When the ball is hit to you, scoop it up with your glove and throw it to first base before the batter gets there, you have four seconds from the time the ball leaves the bat"), and he could sit dead. You could be play any other position. The trick, he would probably get hurt. Fielding is largely an acquired skill, but it is not acquired without some pain.

So, as Bill Venec, owner of the Chicago White Sox, has said, baseball is new for city team sport that can be played professionally by regular people. Success in the others is dependent on accidents of birth. "Success at football, you have to be born huge. Basketball requires that you be born tall. And for hockey it is essential that you not be born in Finland."

As for the hardest change that baseball has to show its sportmen. Speed is as important in baseball as in any other sport. If the strikes mean that there is a lot of time between plays, well, we like it that way. I won't repeat all the well-worn testimony about the dust of wit between pitcher and batter, the science of positioning, the use of the hit-and-run, and much more, except to say that they are a vital part of what makes baseball such a fascinating game to millions of people that are made possible by the interval between pitches. If other millions find it dull, that's their problem. I'm glad it's out of mine.

Having said that, I wish I could explain my lifelong obsession with baseball. That is like trying to explain one's pet rocks or one's pet cat. Not that I have ever done this, but I assume the child would say something





LOS ANGELES DODGERS

Author: look, read. The best look here.

There is a conspiracy to forget that the Dodgers played the best baseball in the National League—the real league—after last year's all-star game, without relief pitching, without Jimmy John with a hole in the wall at shortstop and a bunch of turn lemons in the outfield. Then more than that their fans deserved. Really, it was in the mountains of southern California that summer, reading the L.A. newspapers because I am not a serious person, and you would have thought that the color-adfled article was one where Renee saw a hot girl was offered in their personal space by adversity. Nobody ever told them that life is unfair. That the boys who bleed blue had blown the Series the previous October was a kind of metaphysical result: losing isn't unfair. For being doing with the Dodgers since 1947, when a bearded twenty-eight-year-old rookie started Robinson broke at first base—yes, first base, Eddie Stanky was on second—and so know that the Dodgers are supposed to lose to the Yankees in the Series. The years 1955 and 1956 were glorious except that, as a Philadelphia fan moved the Soviet Union. The Dodgers, in fact, have managed to lose three World Series in the last six years. Thank my god, the New Queens. They don't belong to the moon, head in Los Angeles. So this year, while the Dodgers lose the pennant to a lot of



CINCINNATI REDS

Author: look, read. The best look here.

There is a conspiracy to forget that the Reds played the best baseball in the National League—the real league—after last year's all-star game, without relief pitching, without Jimmy John with a hole in the wall at shortstop and a bunch of turn lemons in the outfield. Then more than that their fans deserved. Really, it was in the mountains of southern California that summer, reading the L.A. newspapers because I am not a serious person, and you would have thought that the color-adfled article was one where Renee saw a hot girl was offered in their personal space by adversity. Nobody ever told them that life is unfair. That the boys who bleed blue had blown the Series the previous October was a kind of metaphysical result: losing isn't unfair. For being doing with the Dodgers since 1947, when a bearded twenty-eight-year-old rookie started Robinson broke at first base—yes, first base, Eddie Stanky was on second—and so know that the Dodgers are supposed to lose to the Yankees in the Series. The years 1955 and 1956 were glorious except that, as a Philadelphia fan moved the Soviet Union. The Dodgers, in fact, have managed to lose three World Series in the last six years. Thank my god, the New Queens. They don't belong to the moon, head in Los Angeles. So this year, while the Dodgers lose the pennant to a lot of

HOUSTON ASTROS

Author: look, read. The best look here.

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from the Dome. Nolan has had enough of controlling the way from them that the Astros' after the 1980s. J.R. Related plans to stick with the mound but, depending on Nolan's success may move to Allen after the all-star break. Steve Garvey and the most officious have worked out a compromise on Gedeon's long-standing desire for the three-day workweek. The first outfielder-infielder will play in all of the Astros games, but after his three-day work as complete, he will play only in his territory. As usual, the Astros will bring between ten and twenty new outfielders and infielders and 3-D catchers. But last year's energy-saving regulations will continue to be enforced strictly. Because of the great drain on the scoreboard, no player will be allowed to hit more than three runs in the Dome. There was no problem about this last year, and none are expected in 1980. With Ryan and J.R. facing 2000 success and Robert Lindorff facing 350, the Astros will be going away and then demolish. Monitored in the play-off. Look for a grand gesture after the World Series victory when manager Bill Vukobratovic plans champagne on the head of former owner Gene and Electric Credit Corporation.

SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS
BY MARK CASEY
Columnist, San Francisco Chronicle
The Giants fan is a special breed of cat—not a lover, exactly. But a man who is not surprised when his team loses. It is twenty-two years now since the Giants moved west, and in all those years they have made it to the Series only once. In 1955, when they lost to the Yankees in seven. Giants fans were surprised only that the team had done that well. Then, after all, San Francisco, the city that is first in threat, scandal, and death (in the version of the liver) (Hollywood) is full of them for losers. San Francisco would have been a charter contract.

The Giants led the National League West for most of 1979 but wound up losing it. Blowing games caused in the seventh inning of the series. (Hollywood) is full of them for losers. San Francisco would have been a charter contract.

The Giants led the National League West for most of 1979 but wound up losing it. Blowing games caused in the seventh inning of the series. (Hollywood) is full of them for losers. San Francisco would have been a charter contract.

Nolan Ryan sparked the new concept by signing with Houston so that he could live at home in Allen, Texas, twenty-six miles from the Dome. Nolan has had enough of controlling the way from them that the Astros' after the 1980s. J.R. Related plans to stick with the mound but, depending on Nolan's success may move to Allen after the all-star break. Steve Garvey and the most officious have worked out a compromise on Gedeon's long-standing desire for the three-day workweek. The first outfielder-infielder will play in all of the Astros games, but after his three-day work as complete, he will play only in his territory. As usual, the Astros will bring between ten and twenty new outfielders and infielders and 3-D catchers. But last year's energy-saving regulations will continue to be enforced strictly. Because of the great drain on the scoreboard, no player will be allowed to hit more than three runs in the Dome. There was no problem about this last year, and none are expected in 1980. With Ryan and J.R. facing 2000 success and Robert Lindorff facing 350, the Astros will be going away and then demolish. Monitored in the play-off. Look for a grand gesture after the World Series victory when manager Bill Vukobratovic plans champagne on the head of former owner Gene and Electric Credit Corporation.

with the Pirates better. 240 and 256 a trend that will probably continue. If "in position" Jack Clark runs the bases can be the best. At the end of the season, and Nolan Blue says hitting the opponent's bats, the Giants could finish first. Anything higher and their fans won't believe it.

SAN DIEGO PADRES

Author: look, read. The best look here.

The Padres led the league in surprises during the all-star game, and as a result, may do so in season as well. There's a new manager brought from the pros: Bob, five-year playing record of 83 million, one career, and trades for veterans. Pitching in a stadium that's as large as with two up codes, new rich guys Rick Was and John Curtis added to their combined total of 25 victories from last season. There's the four-throwers are not spring chickens, but they'll provide an important supporting cast for the Ozzie Smith Show at shortstop. Steve Waddell

renewed the franchise in the outfield but needs a solid batter behind him and defense on either side. 200 baseball at the West World will go a long way in the standings. And if nothing else works out, at least San Diego has the best mascot in the business.

ATLANTA BRAVES

Author: look, read. The best look here.

I have a great feeling for the Atlanta Braves. I give up nothing for the Atlanta Crackers. Robb "Country House, Great White, Frank Brown, Leo Gosselin, Frank Brown, Bob Montague, Edna St. Clair, lived in a dream of music, great apartment. Eddie Mathews. It's a fall on the centerfield trajectory tree. A lot of great crumpling southerners: Dodgers, Hugh Green, Kirby Puckett, Whitman Wyatt, Bruce Wilton. In a normal year, the Crackers would lose the Southern Association pennant, two barrels, and

the Dave Series. I was willing to transfer my love to the Braves. They're the Crackers' parent club. They had Mathews, they had Henry Aaron (who, listen, was a great all-around player) back before people started making him because he was chasing them and just looking for something he could pick out. I was willing.

In the 1980 National League playoff, Aaron would come up, and he'd play to it a double. He would hit a double that, if you were out and found the girl at a today you could still have children on. Then the Braves would show the lead, over and over. The Crackers wouldn't have let one another down like that.

Since then, the Braves have kept getting away. Now as Phil Moberg they're let down. They have this old fan player who told me after his first love seven he didn't hold out as long as I have.

I love the Braves. Out of the corner of my eye. If you think I'm still willing, you're crazy.

Okay, I'm still willing.



MERICAN LEAGUE WEST

CHICAGO WHITE SOX

Author: look, read. The best look here.

One evening last summer, a Chicago rock radio station sponsored an on-air night in Coney Island. Betting on the White Sox doubleheader (the Sox were scheduled to blow up a stack of discs) was a bad idea. With rock fans storming the field and White Sox players fleeing in fear and anger to their locker rooms. It was the biggest crowd the Sox drew all year and by the end of the night the team has won in twenty years.

So it goes for the Chicago White Sox. Their days as a championship contender are long gone—in long gone as the days when the late mayor Richard J. Daley would sit in the sun and watch a Sunday afternoon doubleheader featuring the team that represented not only his own but his neighborhood.

Only one name has been written about the Sox in the past few years: Bill Boner. Boner will get the Sox going at shortstop or whether Harold Baines will become a better phenomenon in right field. The real dilemma is whether owner Bill

Weed will be able to draw enough fans to the gates to keep them in town. Weed is a good manager. With clubhouse legend from Kansas City and Texas. I just get the difference to be skipped Jan Fingers, who last year showed his cards by taking a team that resembled a hospital ward to the top.

TEXAS RANGERS
BY PAUL BAKAL
Columnist, Fort Worth Star-Telegram
Eddie Charles has become something of a cult figure in Texas recently by financing and starring in a series of grotesque TV commercials that feature his complaints about the federal government. Stickers with his legend on nose, Texas have appeared on Cadillac and Mercedes-Benz throughout the state. And what does this have to do with the Texas Rangers? Everything. Eddie Charles, you see, is enjoying continuing entanglement in the Texas Rangers.

CALIFORNIA ANGELS

Author: look, read. The best look here.

This year the reigning American League West champs have a tough act to follow. I look at Steve Davis in April MVP and have more confidence than ever. If they can stay healthy, I believe I will see them finish first. Bob Carrow, Bobby Grich, and Brian Downing. But the loss of Willie Mays Adams and Nolan Ryan can't

the Angels deny, and though the signing of Bruce Kavanishi a start. Ryan will be a tough act to replace. With clubhouse legend from Kansas City and Texas. I just get the difference to be skipped Jan Fingers, who last year showed his cards by taking a team that resembled a hospital ward to the top.

TEXAS RANGERS
BY PAUL BAKAL
Columnist, Fort Worth Star-Telegram
Eddie Charles has become something of a cult figure in Texas recently by financing and starring in a series of grotesque TV commercials that feature his complaints about the federal government. Stickers with his legend on nose, Texas have appeared on Cadillac and Mercedes-Benz throughout the state. And what does this have to do with the Texas Rangers? Everything. Eddie Charles, you see, is enjoying continuing entanglement in the Texas Rangers.

CALIFORNIA ANGELS
BY PAUL BAKAL
Columnist, Fort Worth Star-Telegram
This year the reigning American League West champs have a tough act to follow. I look at Steve Davis in April MVP and have more confidence than ever. If they can stay healthy, I believe I will see them finish first. Bob Carrow, Bobby Grich, and Brian Downing. But the loss of Willie Mays Adams and Nolan Ryan can't

leading hitter, Oscar Gamble, when forced to reverse the deal. I'm mad that the team demands for a shortstop spot the way they're trying to acquire an infielder (Jeff Burroughs) and an outpace pitcher (Gaylord Perry). I'm mad that the best deal the front office made all winter was signing Clayton Kershaw, TV's original Lone Ranger, for some promotional appearances.

Man, all of those of us who love the Rangers despite everything are mad that they play like a soft suburban team. They do all right against the guys who play in the city's new stadiums, but when they go against the electricity trains—the Yankees, the White Sox, the Orioles—they have no toughness. What they need, finally, is some old-time rugged individualism—plus a hotting and a couple of pitchers.

SEATTLE MARINERS BY DAVID LARSEN Mariners' past over Seattle Mariners

It is a troubling cliché in all professional sports that on any given occasion, any given team can beat any other team. I don't know quite how to explain this to the New York Yankees, however, who in the past three years in the Kingdom have won just four games and lost 46 games to the Mariners. If you had taken Lou Veritas' odds on such a discrepancy three years ago, you could have won several million dollars—which says a good deal about both franchises and Las Vegas odds.

Last year, the Mariners finished sixth in the American League West. But we were only average-league bad Chicago, and put a few key run here and there would have

put us in fifth place. We started to get those runs and more in 1990. To that end, we are trying to muscle the Yankees for more games in the Kingdom.

KANSAS CITY ROYALS BY BILL JAMES Royals' baseball history

The Royals are a young team, an up-and-coming. Of the eight regulars, four have two full seasons or less of major league experience. The last team to win a pennant with so many inexperienced starters was the Red Sox in 1887.

The Royals will score enough runs, all right, but the pitching and defense were disastrous last year. But, yes, the track of the game is interesting: why going to be a good ballplayer every year. Any old team knows who its best players are, but the Royals' knowledge has been an enormous proportion to its availability. The Royals have made more one-sided trades than anybody but Don Corcoran and the HCs, and the reason is that they have always known who was on the way up. If they still know, they'll win the war.

MINNESOTA TWINS BY MIKE LEMMONY Twins' second half of the 1980s

Last year, the Twins came in on top of the division, but the season was the first week of the season. With manager Gene Muehle's diamond expertise and ability to handle young players, the team should expect to be the dark of the next year. September. All-star shortstop, Ray Seaver leads up an infield that may consider the best in the American League.

Twenty game manager Jerry Hairston is the cornerstone of a pitching staff that also includes Geoff Zahn, Paul Hartzell, Roger Erickson, Steve Roberts, and Joe Niekirk. Mike Marshall, Keny Lunsford anchors the Twins outfield. This line blend of ballplayers should provide the proper means for year-long excitement and pennant fever in Minnesota.

OAKLAND A'S BY FRANK GIBNEY A's and Oakland

Once the most interesting and successful franchise in baseball, the Oakland A's have all but disappeared as a result of owner Charlie Finley's tight fist and his "for sale" to raise money. But Oakland is today the mighty Milwaukee Brewers. Who took their place? The Bay Bridge to San Francisco for the Giants. Joe Rickson took Angels owner Gene Autry's side-deals in the late of two million bucks. Reggie Jackson is leaving home run and setting candy bars in New York.

Who took their place? South baseball owners as Mario Garconis, an athlete who refuses to step onto the field until his paychecks clear. Matt Keough, a young pitcher who once lost 17 consecutive ball games, and Rick Porcello, a shortstop who was once the pitcher. The Oakland A's have no more gracefully adequate grand bells.

The A's have one bright spot in pitcher Rick Lundy, a good young talent that once I have many chances in my stage act than the A's have lost in the stands. Any bright spot will remain among baseball's best kept secrets.



MERICAN LEAGUE EAST

CLEVELAND INDIANS BY DAVID FRIEDMAN Indians' history

Cleveland? When the mayor's last lost to mention the river? (and the first) the other major's brother tried to rob the bank? Can't I have Paris or London? It's already decided, you say, you just want you get, and there's no change. Well, maybe. But the Indians tried to change over the winter by trading their lemons out. That is the team that once traded Mexico to the White Sox, Inc. as I recall.

two left bats and a general vendor. The Indians know best as all the 1980s world champions. I can make that incredibly do, that starting lineup, which included Dale Mitchell, a number of years—well, a late-side swing bats a man, a front bench the neighborhood—and Larry Doby, the first black in the American League. In October of '48, I was taken to the second home game of the Series. I was very small, and the World Series went long. The Indians (what's the Boston Braves, says and girls) was the enemy and when Doby, in his league uniform, hit a home run past the crowd population of what we kept calling

Beastwain. Cleveland was 2-1. Left arm. We were not. We were the best. I knew—I not surprised, not hoped, but Amos—we could do anything.

As for this year, a World Series is, how shall I put it, about as likely as the availability being absent director of graduate studies in Beethoven. This is not a great team, maybe, but while the city they represent, not on the skills. They should not move them then, with, with certainly not. Toronto, and with some lack could finish deal of Detroit, in 19th place, playing 150 ball. As for the city, there's a new mayor, and anything's possible.

NEW YORK YANKEES BY JIM AUSTIN Yankees' history and the first week

You've just lost line. Backus, but no one can stop. Thurman Munson in his heart. Certainly not Rick Cerone. Does Cerone sit in his heart or look like a piggyback Lardner? Does Cerone, Cerone? 2000th, probably he drives to right? No and so and so still on defense he and Roger Jones will make New York tougher than ever as the middle. George S. (and) Scott Smith when he made Jones miss. Roger L. (and) Smith, the best Yankee centerfielder since Mantle, if he doesn't swing from power and ease. Rob Watson is U.S. Grade A Yankee. Even with his bat, though, the Yankees are still vulnerable to lefty pitching.

There's one pitching a good bat inside John and Gaudy must not miss tomorrow. That's not wait for Carlos weather. Paganos has to beat someone besides Oakland and Toronto. And George must stay swinging himself in the middle. To edge out Robinson and Milwaukee. New York can't afford the usual Stepan Pitcher spring start. Yanks should take this division if large if they're playing at least .550 by July 4.

MILWAUKEE BREWERS BY JIM AUSTIN Brewers' history and the first week

Out of history from complete books of lists, here are the first week things about the Milwaukee Brewers.

(1) General manager Harry Dalton. Perhaps the shrewdest GM in baseball, he assembled a treasure chest of talent and wisely held on to it when many managers (2) Manager George Bielecki. After moving to Milwaukee with Dallas in 1976, he improved the team's faith to third place, then second year last year, he helped the team to the Series of the Eighties (3) Star pitcher. The veteran third baseman has sold years ahead of him and has proved to be an excellent team leader.

(4) Great Catcher. Statistics have shown the first baseman to be the best catcher in the American League.

(5) George Thomas. The centerfielder led the league in home runs last season.

BALTIMORE ORIOLES BY DAVID FRIEDMAN Orioles' history and the first week

The 1980 baseball season will be a good one. Every season in, for baseball has great natural strength, which is reason for its popularity. The strength has helped the game grow, the lively ball, fastest games, artificial turf, right base ball, evoked emotion, the breaking of the major chase, live agents, Charlie

Proles, and Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who probably should be postmaster general of the United States. Only postal workers—whose slogan is "Neither snow nor rain nor ice nor foul weather stops us"—these concerns (but the swift completion of their appointed rounds)—should have been sent out in weather such as this in which the first three games of last year's World Series were played.

It does not appear how as though any team will be able to help itself enough with free agents or trades to catch the Orioles. The strength of the lineup, a strong hit that is not easy to be damaged, is their high level of consistency. The Braves must have them play the season a game at a time. As he said he did last year, and made the most recent game, and he made last year. Baltimore should not divide out, the pennant, and if it should properly in the World Series, that too.

TORONTO BLUE JAYS BY JIM AUSTIN Jays' history

The Toronto Blue Jays finished last year with the worst record in baseball—an record worst, but which couldn't. Quot the entire population of Canada, that's who! Peter Baines, undoubtedly the half-sensational club president in the winter, had convinced that he has all the touches of a veteran by firing manager Roy Halladay. When is trouble, pain. No purchases were made in the free agent market. Some money was paid with the kids. And gray it.

Prospect for 1980? Last year's leader of the New York Yankees, who is an all-star. Danny Arel, Brooklyn's young great athlete, will fill the bill at shortstop. John Mabrey is on hand for experience. But there's nobody to lead the team, so he'll be, so hope. Toronto that have supported the club will start tapping off, but who care? The team is financially strong, and Toronto is the most exciting city on the continent. Given your choice, would you rather be in Toronto or Oakland?

DETROIT TIGERS BY DAVID FRIEDMAN Tigers' history and the first week

Those of us growing old waiting for the day Detroit is to state into a conference will, it appears, not attend a World Series in wheelchairs. The Tigers went into the winter break market seeking right-handed hitting and power in a need elsewhere these eight nights.

The good news is that Detroit kept on to select pitcher Amos Loper. Certain of an eventual St. Louis as the symbol of Tiger Nation. The closer Loper's team was under number 28 in all where (including Steve Raczak and Mickey Lolich) before this. It's not simply an homage to tradition. Says Mark "The Wizard" Wiesner



man, the sage of Tiger Stadium's steps. "You get a lot of fans here you get them in the first pitch of the game." The Wizard (and I use that name) that Loper is wearing the very same garment that Lolich lost downed in 1963. Thus does chief executive John Peter discuss his efficiency responsibility to their stockholders with a third-class, 14 complete list of Tiger stockholders follows (John Peter)

Still, of Jason Thompson and Lance Parrish can be consistently this year. The Bengals was run into third. Despite, cut easily, being the only club history with players named Lance and Jason.

BOSTON RED SOX BY DAVID FRIEDMAN Red Sox' history

To my last father's satisfaction was defined in a year in which the Red Sox finished ahead of the Indians. He taught as to be Red Sox fans and Democrats.

While the Sox achieved postseason play, Boston's water was cold and inactive, and I look ahead mainly. How could the Red Sox let Bob Watson change into Yankee pants? Well, we're at a world George Steinbrenner let a baseball game, season after season, without a few top-line lefties on the mound? Still, if you're a Sox fan, you look on the night that Lou Rice, Kevin Kline, and Billie Jean King, through enough to keep up ahead of the Yankees—(or Boston's) suit, for time, for my father's. Five seasons ago, my father collapsed from a heart attack while watching the Red Sox play a night game against the Yankees. The next day I went to the hospital, the last member of the family to see him live. He couldn't talk but managed to scribble two lines on a napkin. The first was "I love you." The second was "Did the Red Sox win?" They broke my dad that night, and they kept losing me too. But with these fireworks I say to you my last in the Sox. I find it easy to predict a winning 1980 season.

The Way It'll Be When the Shouting's Over

By Bill James



PROPHET
AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST: IT IS A HISTORICAL FACT THAT IS AS UNAVOIDABLE AS IT IS IRRATIONAL—MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL PLAYERS SIMPLY DO NOT HIT WELL IN ELECTION YEARS.

We may not understand why, but we can recognize. There is something about being led to all winners that just wears you out.

When winning levels fall, that puts a pressure on offense, which wants to be the advantage of hit-battling teams like the **Minnesota Brewers**. In the last two years, the Brewers have won 185 games, the fourth-highest total in baseball's last five years, including the fourth-highest in the division. The Brewers pitching has kept them from winning the division in the last two seasons, although they have accumulated more wins each season than any team ahead of them. But since George Bamberger arrived, the Brewers have moved from eleventh in the league in earned run average to fifth, and finally ended 1979 by winning the division for the first time in 1980, the Brewers will arrive.

The Baltimore Orioles (41) may wear a system of complex pitching, not only using the left-handed ace but also using several others. He is probably the best pitcher in the American League. A 187 batter hitting second in the World Series. But it is a system that offends your sixth outfielder to the plate, which means you're not to have an outfielder having good years. In 1978, the Orioles got 50 home runs from a ragging collection of outfielders that led hit 40 the year before. Don't bet on a repeat performance.

The Detroit Tigers have made a series of moves to reassemble their team in their home park. General manager Jerry Manley, former Orioles manager, and Larry Munson, name of whom hit well at home. In their places are three left-handed, including Chuck Seaver, who hit .300 in 1978. The strategy may improve their victory total, but it leaves them vulnerable to good left-handed pitching, in which this division abounds.

No one in baseball can match the front-line quality of the **New York Yankees** pitching staff. Over the last two years, Ron Guidry and Tommy John have accounted for 81 wins, 30 losses, and a .96 ERA, they are backed by one of the game's

best relievers. But in 1978, no Yankee was among the league's top hitters, behind the league's many offensive departments (or come close to do so), and seemed to drive in 300 runs.

The Boston Red Sox all on their problems until they are ready to hit. The Sox have not hit-handed hitters, virtually no bays speed and several inepting options. But it's not that easy to put together a twenty-five-man team with twenty-four white guys on it, it would be too much to expect them to win.

A year ago, the **Cleveland Indians** loaded up on aging power hitters to make their questionable push to the 300 level. Their five leading RBI men of 1979 are all in their thirties. It was a strategy that Dennis Bachman would have been proud of, populist and short-sighted, a cynical parody of success that plays well and plays out quickly. The Indians don't have an offense, a defense, a pitching staff, a just a happy, in a season which in Cleveland is the best in the division.

Attended losses for the **Toronto Blue Jays** would be a league record for consecutive 100-loss seasons. Move over, Washington Senators.

The **Los Angeles Angels** (97 wins) Baltimore (93), Detroit (93), New York (86), Boston (84), Cleveland (80), Toronto (52)

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

Just once in a lifetime, every man should make a mistake. And in the first year of the Minnesota Twins hit five goals, or traded every hitting champion 30 game winners, and 300 RBIs more. One team to write them off without a pause. Don't.

And the **Seattle Mariners**, nearly twice as many as any other American League team and more than any team in major league since the 1981 rule was adopted. They also led the league by a similar margin in the number of pitchers who met, set a league record by turning 200 double plays, and led the league in the percentage of opposing base runners driven out.

All of which went mostly to the Mariners' first two more starting pitchers or by that matter, if either, Bruce Kison or Ken Griffey Jr. (see page 167) play so perfectly. The **Seattle Mariners**, scoring twenty-straight runs in a productive line system and the first-year hits, have been accumulating talent for five years but still now appear in disorganized and mismatched conditions. Last August, when owner Bud Garber traded for his third-leader in baseball, only to be inflated by his state players that they already had those first leaders, two of them left-handed.

But, in a season which in Cleveland is the best in the division, they need improvement from the double play combination, but given that, the Rangers might well become champions not only of the division but of the world.

The **Baltimore Orioles** had about as much chance of winning their division as a person better off becoming President. Expanding the parallel, the Angels become champions by starting out a race that could be won with a third-place hit club. Their 543 winning percentage matches the second lowest ever to win a division. The Angels have lost a lead runner and signed Bruce Kison, a fielding infielder, and changed one—but it leaves them with only one pitcher who worked 260 innings last year (Dave Frost), and he had never done it before. The talent just isn't here to win a very strong race.

The most important team in baseball is the **Seattle Mariners**. The Mariners spent the winter collecting young pitchers and solidifying their infield around a team that returns two 100-RBI producers and one of the game's best lead-off men, John

Olson. Meanwhile, the **Chicago White Sox** are turning into one of those teams that give young managers a bad name. The Sox chances for any immediate improvements are strained by a front office that at best openly encourages the failure of free agents. But Red Wicket's rule, one hopes he will recover from the embarrassments of 1979's disco-danceball fiasco and unplayable field conditions. But the modern crop of professional competence, which would be wonderful if they were in the interstate business. The Phillies are unusually proud of Larry Bowa, a thirty-four-year-old shortstop who never makes an error and has about as much control as any pitcher of his era. The **Philadelphia Athletics** should protect Greg Louganis' being rejected by the outfield.

The Oakland A's have been sentenced to another year in the Cosmos, where they will play nowhere, for somebody, but not very well.

The **Los Angeles Angels** (97 wins), Baltimore (93), Detroit (93), New York (86), Boston (84), Cleveland (80), Toronto (52)

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

Since divisional play began in 1969, the **Pittsburgh Pirates** have never been out of a pennant race. This does not mean that they were an average team. But the Pirates' offense is against, which the Pirates of '79 understandably overreacted, butting their clubhouse in a flow of wariness and together that would have been successful but it not been so seriously out of character with the team. There were times when the Pirates' spirit almost seemed to justify their doom.

The success of the Pirates' defense and offense is a reflection of the team's spirit. But it is still in a way more a beneficiary of the Braves' success than its own. The team has power, they have speed, they have stamina, they have a pitcher, they have experience, they have youth. Nothing to excess, but everything in stock as needed.

The Pirates own this division, and it's a shame, because the young **Montreal Expos** are really entitled to one of their wins. Unlike the Braves, who have one of the best teams in baseball to lose more games on the road than at home, the Expos are a team handicapped to their home games, where poor stadium can make their loss worse but a quick turn of the field and implies predicting around the outfield like a hockey puck around a frozen (paddleball) court. The key is the game becomes taking the extra base and preventing the opposition from doing the same. The Expos can do both.

No division has ever produced two 100-game winners, yet those two might well do it. The **San Louis Cardinals** won't, but the Cardinals' regulars of 1979 hit .300, and a sixth, catcher Ed Simmons, is a lifetime .297 hitter. The Cardinals' lead-off, Bob Montgomery, has been dropped in replace him. With a pitcher rotation that ranges from solid to brilliant, the Cardinals

will find themselves in the race—but in the wrong race.

History sometimes repeats itself but usually not with the same cast of characters. The **Philadelphia Phillies**, 1979-78 the best team in the National League, have now over their shoulders and they prove irrefutably that last year's fourth-place finish was not a fluke. And it wasn't. The starting staff of the Phillies have nearly 100 years of professional experience, which would be wonderful if they were in the interstate business. The Phillies are unusually proud of Larry Bowa, a thirty-four-year-old shortstop who never makes an error and has about as much control as any pitcher of his era. The **Philadelphia Athletics** should protect Greg Louganis' being rejected by the outfield.

Since the arrival of Lou Lavan in the mid-1970s, the **Chicago Cubs** have in a long time collapsed after winning for the first time since the season. Reuben Bruce Butler has career earned run averages of .16, in 1973, in 1974, in 1975, in 1976, in 1977, in 1978, in 1979, in 1980, in 1981, in 1982, in 1983, in 1984, in 1985, in 1986, in 1987, in 1988, in 1989, in 1990, in 1991, in 1992, in 1993, in 1994, in 1995, in 1996, in 1997, in 1998, in 1999, in 2000, in 2001, in 2002, in 2003, in 2004, in 2005, in 2006, in 2007, in 2008, in 2009, in 2010, in 2011, in 2012, in 2013, in 2014, in 2015, in 2016, in 2017, in 2018, in 2019, in 2020, in 2021, in 2022, in 2023, in 2024, in 2025, in 2026, in 2027, in 2028, in 2029, in 2030, in 2031, in 2032, in 2033, in 2034, in 2035, in 2036, in 2037, in 2038, in 2039, in 2040, in 2041, in 2042, in 2043, in 2044, in 2045, in 2046, in 2047, in 2048, in 2049, in 2050, in 2051, in 2052, in 2053, in 2054, in 2055, in 2056, in 2057, in 2058, in 2059, in 2060, in 2061, in 2062, in 2063, in 2064, in 2065, in 2066, in 2067, in 2068, in 2069, in 2070, in 2071, in 2072, in 2073, in 2074, in 2075, in 2076, in 2077, in 2078, in 2079, in 2080, in 2081, in 2082, in 2083, in 2084, in 2085, in 2086, in 2087, in 2088, in 2089, in 2090, in 2091, in 2092, in 2093, in 2094, in 2095, in 2096, in 2097, in 2098, in 2099, in 2100, in 2101, in 2102, in 2103, in 2104, in 2105, in 2106, in 2107, in 2108, in 2109, in 2110, in 2111, in 2112, in 2113, in 2114, in 2115, in 2116, in 2117, in 2118, in 2119, in 2120, in 2121, in 2122, in 2123, in 2124, in 2125, in 2126, in 2127, in 2128, in 2129, in 2130, in 2131, in 2132, in 2133, in 2134, in 2135, in 2136, in 2137, in 2138, in 2139, in 2140, in 2141, in 2142, in 2143, in 2144, in 2145, in 2146, in 2147, in 2148, in 2149, in 2150, in 2151, in 2152, in 2153, in 2154, in 2155, in 2156, in 2157, in 2158, in 2159, in 2160, in 2161, in 2162, in 2163, in 2164, in 2165, in 2166, in 2167, in 2168, in 2169, in 2170, in 2171, in 2172, in 2173, in 2174, in 2175, in 2176, in 2177, in 2178, in 2179, in 2180, in 2181, in 2182, in 2183, in 2184, in 2185, in 2186, in 2187, in 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2299, in 2300, in 2301, in 2302, in 2303, in 2304, in 2305, in 2306, in 2307, in 2308, in 2309, in 2310, in 2311, in 2312, in 2313, in 2314, in 2315, in 2316, in 2317, in 2318, in 2319, in 2320, in 2321, in 2322, in 2323, in 2324, in 2325, in 2326, in 2327, in 2328, in 2329, in 2330, in 2331, in 2332, in 2333, in 2334, in 2335, in 2336, in 2337, in 2338, in 2339, in 2340, in 2341, in 2342, in 2343, in 2344, in 2345, in 2346, in 2347, in 2348, in 2349, in 2350, in 2351, in 2352, in 2353, in 2354, in 2355, in 2356, in 2357, in 2358, in 2359, in 2360, in 2361, in 2362, in 2363, in 2364, in 2365, in 2366, in 2367, in 2368, in 2369, in 2370, in 2371, in 2372, in 2373, in 2374, in 2375, in 2376, in 2377, in 2378, in 2379, in 2380, in 2381, in 2382, in 2383, in 2384, in 2385, in 2386, in 2387, in 2388, in 2389, in 2390, in 2391, in 2392, in 2393, in 2394, in 2395, in 2396, in 2397, in 2398, in 2399, in 2400, in 2401, in 2402, in 2403, in 2404, in 2405, in 2406, in 2407, in 2408, in 2409, in 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The
warms had spread
their dominion from tree
to tree. He sat there after, in
that place to which he
would never
return

TENT WORMS

FICTION BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

BILLY FOXWORTH had been grumbling for days about the tent worms that were building great, sagging canopies of transparent gray tissue among the thickly grown berry trees that surrounded their summer cottage on the cape. His wife, Clara, had dreams and preoccupations of her own, and had listened without attention to these grumbings. Once in a while she had looked at him darkly and thought, if he but knew! He has more to worry about than those tent worms! "Tent worms? What are tent worms?" she once murmured dreamily but her mind wandered off while he defined them to her. He must have gone on talking about them for quite a while, for her mind described a wide orbit among her private reflections before he brought her back to momentary attention by shoving his coffee cup down on the saucer and exclaiming irritably, "Stop saying 'ten, ten, ten' when you're not listening to a goddam word I say!"

"I heard you," she protested crossly. "You were rambling like an old woman about those worms! Ten! I supposed to sit here staring-eyed with excitement while you—"

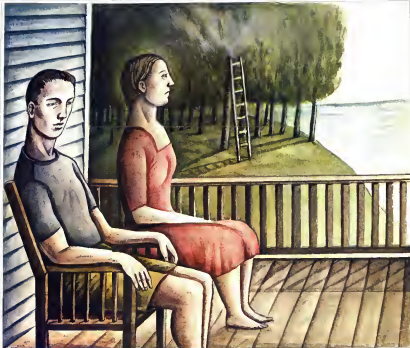
"All right," he said. "You talked on when they were bad I was trying to tell you."

"I don't care what they are," she said. "Maybe they bother you but they don't bother me."

"Stop being childish!" he snapped.

They had a sun terrace on the back of their cottage where Clara reclined in a deck chair all afternoon, enjoying her private reflections while Billy scolded at his typewriter on the screened porch just within. For five years Clara had not thought about the future. She was thinking about it now. It had become a tangible thing—now more, owing to the information she had, to which Billy did not have access, in spite of the fact that it concerned Billy even more than herself, because it concerned what was happening to Billy.

Tennessee Williams' new play *Wild Men* (Octagon) and *August* (to be staged on this short story, which will appear in *Mr. Williams' collection Pieces of My Heart*, to be published soon by New Directions).



It was August
and they would be leaving here soon,
and certainly Billy would never come back here
again and she, God knows—let the worms
eat the whole place up, let them eat the trees
and the house and the ocean itself!

the bees from the sun terrace she could see that the tent worms had spread their dovecotes from tree to tree all over, finally near the end of the summer: there was hardly a tree that did not support one or more of the grey insect colonies that dominated their leaves. Still Billy was attempting to combat them single-handed with his ally, tuckers of paper.

Clara got up and let out a loud cry of dismay.

"What is hell do you think you are doing?"

"I am burning out the tent worms," she answered gravely.

"Are you out of your mind? There are millions of them!"

"That's all right. I'm going to burn them all out before we leave here!"

She gave up. Turned away and snubbed in her deck chair.

All that afternoon the burning continued. It was no good protesting, although the smoke and odor were quite annoying. The best that Clara could do

was to suggest a halt. Not only she but their whole infinite circle of friends—she drove back from them into their own cocoons, as actors disperse to their offstage lives when a curtain has fallen and they're released from performance.

"The tent has been almost reversing, having already suggested that the caterpillars would be their doctor, and it was."

"Professional caterpillars are unobscured."

"How's it going, sweetie?"

"How's what going?"

"How's escape from the poisonous vapors of the metropolis?"

"If that's a serious question. Doc, I'll give you a serious answer. Your patient is outcrops for the poisonous vapors and so is creating some here."

"What, what?"

"Is the connection lost?"

"No, just vocalized what you mean."

"I will enlighten you gently. Billy, your patient, is polluting the air of our summer retreat by burning out something called tent worms. The smoke is suffocating those that carbon monoxide in a traffic jam as a fumes. I'm coughing and choking and still he keeps at it."

"Well, at least he's still active."

"Oh, that's fine. Would you like me to call him to the phone?"

"No, just tell him I—no, don't tell him. I called, he might wonder why."

"Why in hell didn't you tell him so he'd know and—"

She didn't know how to complete her proposition as she walked into the phone. "I can't bear it, it's more than I can bear. My mind is full of awful, awful thoughts—speculations about how long I'll have to endure it, when will it be finished."

"Easy, sweetie."

"Easy for you, not me. And don't call me sweetie. I'm not a sweetie. There's nothing sweet about me. I've turned sour."

Unless he stops burning those tent worms, I'm going to go alone, back to the city, at least as disoriented vegetation and paper tuckers, and have staggering out there. Got to hang up. He's come toward the house."

"Clara, it's hard to be bitter, but for God's sake try."

"Can you tell me how to? Write me a prescription so that I can?"

She glanced out the picture window between the phone and the stove, exhausted return of Billy toward the sun deck, which the sun was deserting.

"Clara, love takes dispenses. Love need is probably full of fatness that you'll dismiss with shame when this ordeal is over."

"You scored a point there. I'm full of fatness and a bit of a liar."

"You scored a prescription."

"So? What?"

"Recollections of how it was before."

"Seems totally inert."

"Right now, yes, but try to."

"Thanks. I'll try to breathe. If only the

sea wind would blow the smoke away."

When she returned to the sun deck he had completed his exhausted return. He had a defeated look and he had burned himself in several places and applied positions of wet baking soda, which smelted suspiciously. He took the other sun chair and pulled it a little away from where his wife was reclining and turned so that he wouldn't look at his face.

"Going to get?" she murmured.

"Run out of paper and matches," he answered heavily.

There was no more talk between them. The tide was returning shoreward and now the smooth water was lapping quietly near them.

"Tent worms," she said to herself.

Then she said it out loud. "Tent worms."

"Why are you shouting about it, it's nothing to shout about. A blight on vegetation is like a blight on your body."

"This is just a place fitted for summer and we'll never come back."

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HER dreams took a sanguine turn. She saw herself in expensive mourning, with various escorts, whose features were still indistinguishable, in purring limousines.

She drank, and so to the did. She made her way to a bar, a barman and she drank them all afternoon while her husband attended the guests with his paper tuckers. Along about five o'clock Clara remembered to feel happy and content. Her dreams took a sanguine turn. She saw herself in expensive mourning, in a limousine with various escorts, whose features were still indistinguishable, in purring limousines. She saw herself in expensive mourning, in a limousine with various escorts, whose features were still indistinguishable, in purring limousines. She saw herself in expensive mourning, in a limousine with various escorts, whose features were still indistinguishable, in purring limousines.

At her attitude was healthy, she was not being miserly and pretending to feel what she didn't. Then, she felt sorry for him but, when love had ceased being love or not years ago, why make an effort to think it would be a loss?

Toward midnight the phone rang. It rang so rarely now that the sound

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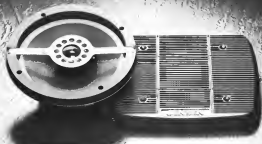


PHOTO: GARY/ALBERTO LOZANO



JENSEN TIE TO BE SEEN
in shops of choice. Also in the U.S. of America. 100%
Suits up. 100% in the U.S. of America. 100%
Country and other. Produced in the U.S. of America. 100%
Suits and underwear made in the U.S. of America. 100%
Suits and underwear made in the U.S. of America. 100%

T
THE ONE ON

The tie is probably the single most important
development of social status for a man in the United
States today. —John F. Morton, Director, N.Y.C.

HOW, you may wonder, can a strip of fabric that costs between \$15 and \$25 carry more class than your \$1,500 Cartier wrist watch? Well, when was the last time you heard a maître d' at a class restaurant say, "I'm sorry, sir, but I can't seat you unless you're wearing a watch?"

While wearing no tie at all may deny you entry into some exciting establishments, your choice of a tie—in fabric and pattern—can reveal more about you than you ever realized.

Whether a man's tie is silk or polyester, wool, cotton, or a blend of fibers, if you're other elegant and more



100% COTTON
Dukeville, Copestown, U.S.A. \$20
Silk tie in blue. Pinduck in Madison, Ill.
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Copestown, Copestown, U.S.A. \$20
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Silk tie in blue. Pinduck in Madison, Ill.

them just a touch of class, however, your first choice should be a tie made of silk. "There's nothing like a traditional silk tie to telegraph an image that's solid and conservative and renowned," says Herbert Blank, vice-president of J. S. Rank & Company, an manufacturer of

Bill Blank ties and private label lines. Because it is available in a variety of weaves and weaves, silk wears well in any season. There's featherweight Indian, soft crepe de chine, smooth shantung, and finally ribbed Dicks. If these silk seem too dressy for hot,

hated summers, wear a cotton tie, the traditional substitute. Subdued cotton prints, such as the ones by Calvin Klein and Giorgio Armani shown here, are more attractive choices than the madras plaids and gingham florals that often seen in summer. Another hot-weather al-

ternative, the linen tie, is dismissed by most men because of its penchant for wrinkling. Perhaps the most elegant summer choice is a tie made from a subtly-textured woven cotton silk, such as the solid-color dressy tie we're selected. "I personally favor one silk tie for

summer," says Robert Franceschini, men's fashion director for Saks Fifth Avenue. "They're better looking but still dressy enough for business." How to iron cotton: Look closely at the fabric. If a quality tie, the threads on the weave join one another in a diagonal pattern. This

means that the tie was cut while the material was placed at an angle, or cut on the bias. According to the Neckwear Association of America, both the outer fabric and the tie lining should be cut this way to prevent the tie from twisting out of shape. If you are unsure whether or not

been bias-cut, ask the salesclerk. He'll tell you the tie is to retain its shape, a bias cut is essential if your tie is to make the proper fold, or drape, underneath the knot. A few weeks ago, when the width of ties flared with the width of lapels and the size of shirt collars. When

men have weathered these fashion storms with sensible, sensible ties. But that standard has fallen. A new change, not just a fashion whim, took place recently when Giorgio Armani introduced ties of three inches, a width that nicely complements today's moderate la-

pel and collars. This width is now considered mainstream by the outlook retailers, including such giants as Neiman-Marcus and Saks. But easy word as simple. When your tie is correctly knotted, it should cover the top of your belt.

Now go to the top of your belt.

Now go to the top of your belt.

MANY WERE THOSE STANLEY STAR-FILLED EVENINGS ON WHICH A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC PLAYED ON AND ON.

Then there were the women, the first, purest acquaintance of all. For a few years, before and what he passed the limelight, he was engaged to Susan Kohnen, an actress and a model. When it ended, probably, there followed a bridge of heretics. In 1955, once Lynda Bird Johnson, a twenty-one-year-old senior at the University of Texas, it was something at first sight. Summer dinner at the White House. Eisenhower's popovers played holding in Acapulco. New Year's a Sugar Bowl drive in New Orleans. The newspapers reported that Lynda's friends said she was "radiant, tremendously well suited, herself."

But storm-clouds were gathering over George's horizon. Critics accused him of publicity lust, a charge that rivaled the leading man. He replied in the press: "It would be in the worst possible taste for me to glibly about this whole business. It would cheapen and vulgarize my acquaintance with the Johnson family.... Lynda is a serious, sensitive, and intelligent person whose goals are enlarging and deepening her development as a human being.... As for President Johnson himself," he said, "I regard him as a strong, dedicated man who is steady, much less stiff than many of his critics seem to feel."

Unperturbed, he threw a party at his mansion on Lynda's twenty-second birthday. Guests included Bobby Dorn, Bill St. John, and Eddie Fisher, who sang, "When I go to sleep, I never count sheep. I count all the charms about Linda." Still, the sky grew darker. The handsome flame began to flicker in the winds of a national political controversy. The issue was George's dark skin.

He had been exempted from the censure on the basis of his dark skin, claiming to be the sole support of his mother. His parents of first-age sons married on mass. Still, voices screamed that his relationship with Lynda had gained him privileges. It was an ugly time in an otherwise loveless and elegant life.

George was wounded by the outcry. "I believe in the war in Vietnam," he stated grimly. By late 1966, public opinion forced his resignation, but by that time he had also turned twenty-seven, too old (but not too old-looking) to be a serious target for transcription. The state subsided—as did his relationship with Lynda. At the end of the young year, she was engaged to Marine captain Charles Rula.

George and he were happy for Lynda, and she went on. He dated this one and that one, in 1972, he married Alana Collins, who, two years later, bore him his only son, Ashley. The marriage ended in 1976—but his men go. Today, he is seen mostly in the company of his friend, a model.

Such are the spins, cold facts, a mosaic accounting of years of pleasure, romance, even heartbreak. The false story awaits the serious biographer. *Forrest E. Eber*, *Swanberg*.

So much for the life. Now what about the art. A George Stevens Hamilton Film Festival follows immediately. And after that, a look at how the life and the art overlap.



The elegant old, the handsome "Spide" Hamilton, ca. 1940



George Jr. as a baby, about every time he plays, ca. 1947



George with his son, Susan Stevens Fisher, ca. 1958



George Jr. and his baby sister, Ashley, who is now Ben, 2007



A happy but still up-close moment in the great outdoors of Palm Beach, featuring George and a small circle of good friends, ca. 1970



George and Melvin Bell in a Hollywood encounter hall, 1960



George and Julie Lisa Stewart, dancer at Caramel Grove, 1960



George and Ward Stone, president of the G.E. in club, 1961



George and Harold Simon Kohnen at El Morocco, 1962



George and Sue Ann, both in suits, at Lolla pro-party, 1962



George (in plain shirt) with Susan Dee in shirt in 1962



Guests who? Lynda Bird Johnson tries to attract photographers by wearing a blood tie as the couple dines and smokes in Acapulco, 1965



George shadowing Zoro, the Gay Blade and Susan Kohnen at a costume party held at the Holly F. Gallery in Palm Beach, 1967



George and the newly glamorous Lynda Bird arrive for the Academy Awards in 1968, just a few months before they split up



George and Susan were married casually in Las Vegas in 1972



George and current constant companion, Liz Swadlow, 1979

HERE ARE SOME CINEMATIC HIGHLIGHTS THE YEARS, THE SMILES THE BULLETS THE BATHS

A RETRO-SPECTIVE

Producer Bruce Scholey, who selected George Hamilton to play Moss Hart in *Hot Out*, has told of the actor: "I think if you asked George what old movies he would like, he would say Cary Grant." He probably wouldn't. George Hamilton, who is today more potent at his own office than ever before, owes his success to his unique image. When his early pictures came out, Jim Hays in *Another Time* (1962), he spoke of him as looking and smelling "You have to tell me some, curiosity—there are about twice types of men women go for. There's the great guy, who stresses the mother instinct, the judge, serious type, the motherly gentleness on a white horse, the father figure, and so on. So far, I've been fortunate enough to be fixed in my own category." A few years later, "I didn't want to be another Brando. I wanted to be myself... I was determined to be an original."

It was as if we were all waiting for George. In his first ten years as a movie actor, he made no fewer than eight movies. From beach to beachhead, from small-town America to the style capitals of Europe, he was up there at the moment: dancing, fighting, smiling, smiling, laughing, hugging, sweeping women all over the place. His range was vast: from *Where the Boys Are* to *The Virgin*, from *All the Fine Young Cannibals* to *Devlin*. He's got it for Koolhaas. What other actor has made screen love to George Peppard and Jessica Hahn?

Sure, there were ups and downs. As the Sixties closed, George Hamilton's phone stopped ringing. The nation had turned its back on a taste and good manners, and for a time, the "Sexual Revolution" was a fading matter in a long, dark night. He told *The New York Times*: "When you're cold, you're not attracted... The real thing is that they keep going to the parties but not to the pictures. You're sitting with Warren Beatty, Bobby Evans, Michael Douglas, all the people who are doing things, but you're not one of them, and you know it."

Last year, George Hamilton bit back. After Columbia Pictures had denied him the money to film a comedy version of the *Uncle Sam* story, he formed a partnership with an Indiana shopping-center magnate and produced a picture that is expected to make \$30 million in film rentals. Late at *First Look*, in just six months after release, championed George Hamilton from a star who made \$100,000 a picture to a colossal star who gets one million dollars plus 10 percent of the gross. Surprising? Not at all—as the line hasn't gone out, over his. A Pulse? Hardly. His next picture, *Seven*, the Gay Blade man who went according to industry word, looks like a switch hit. It's good, dear Scholey.



Crime and Punishment, U.S.A., costarring Mary Maguire, 1959



All the Fine Young Cannibals, with lovely Natalie Wood, 1960



Where the Boys Are, with Yvonne Meisner, Paula Patton, Connie Francis, and Andrew Harte. A classic, 1960. George got Doves



Angel Baby, costarring Sharon Tate and November McDonald; in which George played a free-passed chair guitar, 1961



Act One, with Janet Robinson; George played Moss Hart, 1961



The Virgin, with George Peppard and Eddie Fenech, 1962



Looking for Love, with George Peppard and Jim Hays, 1961



Your Cheating Heart, George played Mark Wyden, 1962



That Man George, costarring Charles Aznavour and David Ireland, in which George did the bubble bath scene wearing only a towel, 1960



Viva Maria!, costarring Jeanne Moreau and Brigitte Bardot. George played an antihero revolutionary leader in Crested America, 1965



Jack of Diamonds, with Joseph Cotton and Marie Laforêt, 1967



Daddy, You're Gotta Be Wildin', in which George married the happy Sandra Dee moments before she gave birth to his baby, 1967



The Power, with Suzanne Pleshette, Michael Rooker, 1968



A Time for Killing, costarring Glenn Ford and Roger Stevens. George played a Confederate officer, 1968



Evel Knievel, with Lee Remick. George in the title role, 1972

Love at First Sight, laughable comeback for George, 1970



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A DAY IN THE LIFE

AN INTERVIEW

FLORA LEWIS

Moment to moment with an American correspondent abroad

I AM the Paris bureau chief of *The New York Times*, which, I think, sounds like the best job in the world to a lot of people. I'm not complaining, but I myself am not in the least romantic about it. I can't afford to be. People who think that way simply don't understand what we do or how hard we work. The truth is, it's the kind of work that people interested in glamour would not be willing to do—and almost certainly would not do well.

I've been in Paris for eight years this time, having been hired by the *Times* to replace for this job in the original plan, my assignment was to cover France with certain forays into other European areas. But somehow, over the years, as people began to suggest, I've gone on to cover Tokyo, Moscow, Cape Town—in the last couple of years, I've been traveling probably two-thirds of the time.

We have three reporters working out of the office, there was a fourth, but there was some accident as

to whether or not to fill that position. The very things work in that I make some suggestions, and New York specifically asks for other things. Obviously, the more I'm out of town, the less I operate coverage here. Everyone has to be able to function on his own.

Basically, I see my role as that of coordinator, a function that becomes particularly important during the coverage of a multi-faceted story. Every time there's an international conference, for example, there'll be questions from one to five people phoning away on it. My role of how to organize conference coverage is to separate reporting and writing. You have different people covering different delegations, then later pool the information and divide the writing according to the subject. For instance, during the Carter-Bush meeting in Vienna while back, every day you had at least one hard news piece, one interpretive piece, and a couple of side stories—color pieces (Mrs. Carter on tour,



for example) or so-called hard pieces of a more political nature.

These conferences, by the way, are important for us journalists in another way: Paris is a city of very little press contact, but because people's offices are scattered all over town and because, unlike most other cities—London, Bonn, even Washington—there are no regular press conferences here. So the international conferences are routine of a sort. You see everyone who lives following NATO affairs and East-West affairs and others in each of the capitals represented. It's very social and also quite useful. Two-decked working relationships with well-informed reporters from all over the place, people who won't just peddle their government's line.

I have a second title—European diplomatic correspondent—but that doesn't mean I'm in charge of people in the *Times*' other European bureaus. If I move in on their territory, I'll be very cautiously

I'd do something they're not doing or, more likely something that wraps up several different issues so no single place has the answers. For example, I might do a piece on the rising strength of the Right in Europe. I would do all the major lines myself, using the other bureaus as a base.

In a case like that, I'll do all the reporting myself because using files from other people would probably lead to a distorted, unbalanced story. Oh, once in a while we'll send questionnaires around and do a roundup—but that only works on superficial, quick stuff, too relevant to an important event. Any story of depth has to be developed through our reporting—the gathering of details, the conducting of interviews—of else it will look like a patch-work job.

A few months ago, for instance, I was involved in a project that was absolutely staggering in its proportions. New York had just given me this special assignment on the ferment in the Islamic world. They had a meeting in New York, and someone said, "Please, nobody knows what the hell's going on in Islam. Let's send Flora." So they called me up, and I went. It was crazy. I wasn't even ten hours to use the material I would gather.

I had to make arrangements. Basically, so I would be able of seeing people before-hand. I did not have time to go anywhere and at around for three days.

I started off in Paris and London. Then I went on to Cairo, because that's where the Islamic university is located, and also to Algeria and Tunis. I came back with twenty notebooks and tons of pounds of paper and sat down to write.

Of course, all of this does have the advantage that I do learn something. Talk about journalistic journalism (journalistic scholarship)—The New York *Times* will give you one scholarship after another.

The exception to doing all reporting myself is when I simply can't make it to a

MAYBE IT IS AS NAÏVE TO EXPECT ORIGINALITY OF THOUGHT AND EVEN CANDOR IN OUR POLITICIANS AS IT ONCE WAS TO STICK DAISIES IN THE BARRELS OF RIFLES AND TO NAME CHILDREN "GANOELION."

ering to the point of delirium. "I have been voting in elections since 1864," complains one friend of mine, "and not a single person I have voted for has ever been elected. Not one. Not one. Not even to state office!"

My friend offers this by way of explanation. He, too, he recently announced, simply decided to stop voting.

If he follows through on his protest, he will simply be lost in the shuffle. As we are informed every couple of years in postelection analyses and editorials, the majority of eligible Americans do not exercise their franchise. The word that seems to crop up most often in these noncommittal polemicalisms is "apathy." Voting is good, apathy is the enemy.

This is an assessment that some of us question. "The fact is," as my friend the nonvoter puts it, "America in this country doesn't work, and it doesn't work because there are already too many alienated people voting. Politicians are able to push buttons. They know and will about 'Communist or military preponderance' busing," and hundreds of thousands of voters follow like lambs to the slaughter. When people don't even know enough to vote their own self-interest, the system can't function anymore."

As a soldier, this fellow, whinnied at his despair, proposed that potential voters be administered an examination. "It wouldn't be a literacy test at any kind," he says. "It would be uniform and discriminate against no one. Its purpose, quite simply, would be to separate the uneducated from the ill-informed. Potential voters might be asked to name the leaders of France and Britain and the Supreme Court justices, for example, and to explain the provisions of the First Amendment. These are all things that anyone he bring to elect the most powerful figure in the world should be aware of, wouldn't you agree?"

On the face of it, such a methodology as Americans, a shot through with civic disease, as he thinks, as something like literacy tests, seems set to be a difficult proposition to argue against, practical terms. Over dinner recently, I watched my friend discuss with a wife of the same someone's angry argument about suffrage being an inalienable right. "Nonsense," he said. "You've got to take a test to drive a car or to be admitted to a decent college; hell, electing a decent government just as important!"

"Goodness it," repeated the other guest, "this is not what the Founding Fathers intended!"

It is precisely what they intended, they were after a noblesse-oblige, which they limited the franchise to those who

owned land. In 1790, land ownership pretty much equaled a knowledge of public affairs. That limited, thoughtful electorate is why the early leadership of the country was so effective. Things only went haywire with the introduction of extended suffrage. That's when we got the Millard Fillmore and the Franklin Pierce!

To add weight to his position, my friend calls upon Oliver Yates, a statistician in the annals of American history as he is reportedly effective at cutting up opponents at dinner parties. In his novel 1876, Yates has Mark Twain, writing after their old-fashioned, often his measurement of the nation's politicians. "They are all crooks... and who? Because of universal suffrage..." How, I ask you, can you have any kind of country when every idiot rule of twenty-one or more can vote?

But in the end, such an attitude does us less than no good, for the incontestable truth is that there will not soon be any fundamental change in this country's political system. This leaves many of us precisely where we began: utterly frustrated, our choices seemingly limited to supporting candidates for whom we have no respect, or to supporting no one at all.

A decade or so ago, such a choice was a lot less difficult to make. Black and white was the ideological fashion of the Vietnam era, and many of us wore our pants as casually as our jeans and work shirts. During the 1968 presidential race, which pitted Richard Nixon and George Wallace against a Robert Kennedy whose ethical credentials had badly been sullied by four years of shrewdness for the war and an apparent insensitivity to the horrors of Chicago, we opted by the hundreds of thousands to sit out. "Screw him," was our attitude, and screw him we did.

Well, of course, we've never heard the end of that one—of how we must accept a measure of responsibility for the Burger Court and "benign neglect" and five more years of Vietnam, of how in the final analysis, we've been misled, a legion of political right-pride-side throwing a tantrum.

And in a country, mostly American land of way, people who think that way are right. Even some of those who were honest in 1968, even some who have not forgotten their lessons, now conclude that politics in this country is largely a matter of cutting losses. Maybe it is as naive to expect candor and originality of thought in our politicians as it once was to stick daisies in rifle barrels and name children "GANOELION." Maybe the choices we get are all we should hope for.

Certainly, a great many people have come to see good things for more. Indeed, a

reasonable case can be made that the despotic, mass self-interest of the Seventies was little more than a post-1968 extension from that earlier era of reflexive conservatism, from 1918 to cut a new long, harrowing step.

But that may be the crux of our problem right there. In the same way that we suspect happiness in exchange for a few hundred bucks and a couple of weekends in a locked room, so we continue to look for instant political gratification. The partisan grocerians—especially those of us who knew of things that we would be getting in to college and white-collar lives—cannot learn to work for what we wanted. Per many of us, conservatism remains a fairly amusing concept, like industry or steadfastness or stoicism, traits that seem somehow out-of-date.

Which is why I was finally moved to find myself one evening, on an assignment, at a meeting of my neighborhood political reform organization. "Till now," said my companion, eyeing the station yet eight hours around us, "there's a higher concentration in this room of people who go to Eastern European movies than in any other room in the country."

But it did take me long, as I watched them in action, debating issue after issue—on how to protect local merchants from the encroachments of retail carter speculators, on how to elect some federal funds for mass transit, on which of several doomed candidates to support—so feel streams of real admiration for them. These were people who had been waiting all along, through the bad years and into the not-so-bad, less bad. While we'd gone about the glorious business of receiving demands and issuing "non-negotiable" demands, they were the ones who'd gone door to door, election after election, in the service of their beliefs.

At the end of the meeting, as the political reformers adjourned to the back of the room for coffee and food talk of Julia Morrison, I was surprised to see an old man, a gentleman from my college days. He too had been involved in what we like to call the movement—not as a leader, but he'd done more than his share of angry yelling—and we fell into easy conversation. After a few minutes, I twisted the question. "Tell me, how did you end up in this place?"

He smiled broadly. "I'm here because of all the slogans from the old days, there's only one that continues to make sense to me. 'You're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.'"

HAZARD STEIN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

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HEAVY TRACKS

BILL BARCH'S
DAYS AT THE RACES
BY GARY L. FISKEYTON



THERE is a perennial and sometimes perverse fascination with horses that deal with colicky lives, downcast usually caused by the well-behaved citizens, and the application of seemingly obvious knowledge to the world of daily life. In *Laughing at the Mills* (The Viking Press, \$10.95), Bill Barch threads these horse stories into a first-person narrative that charts the progress of cheap thrills and easy profitability but serves instead as a satisfaction beyond factbooks.

"For me it did not begin with the horses," he says. "They came later, after a phone call and a simple statement of fact: *Your mother has cancer*." Soon thereafter, Barch's wife is misdiagnosed—and accused—of having a latent tumor. Barch quits his job and moves to the country yet cannot write as he had hoped he would. His marriage falls to arguments and frustration; and the Cape of Regretters conference to run, as best it can, the country-side in his backyard. "I tried to relax, remembering myself that worse things could have happened, but this was only momentarily useful." One searches a point at

GARY L. FISKEYTON is an editor at Random House.

which nearly anything is more therapeutic than the contemplation of life's many bare secrets, and at this point Barch hands himself his own in northern California for a season at the races.

Be gone as a fledgling handicapper of Thoroughbreds at a track across the bay from San Francisco and enters the world that publishers are fond of calling *Winnipeg*—perpetrated by assorted oddballs who drift through here in the afternoon, port over racing forms, sleep in tack rooms or cheesy motels, and live hard to reach on a spectacularly uneven cash flow. Barch, however, isn't given to slandering, and the insects, greasers, jack-eyes, and players in the paddocks, shadows, grandstands, and Horse Stretch bar at Golden Gate Fields appear not as village devils but simply as themselves. There is a subculture that differs from mainstream America chiefly in matters of job security, inflation-adjusted income, and good credit ratings. "I found myself agreeing implicitly with Slaughterhouse Rock, the gambler who represented the romance and grandeur of risk, when he ranted his abused face to the tax man and said, 'Anybody don't like his life is dilly.'"

Seriously, Barch's gambling does not belong to the post-Dostoevsky tradition in which the demonic and male sugar heretically to extend the limits of what is humanly possible. Handicapping, the scrupulous analysis of recorded and observable fact, is less suited than craps to bluster and luck, and after suffering its hellish details, Barch is capably returned to use himself for "Quaque in the eighth race because of Melrose." And while the ebb and flow of his five hundred-dollar stake distracts him from troubles both personal and civic, his gradual discovery of the racetrack is more revealing. *Laughing at the Mills* wisely shifts from weaving, grinding of teeth, and impatient autobiography; much of it is devoted to the history, breeding, and training of horses, the moxie and finances of the track, and all manner and variety of information that directly pertains only to itself.

Yet knowledge, even of the most unlikely sort, extends in many directions, and as Barch professes the way of it betwixt, he frequently calls on the humanist philosophers who peddled, in the halcyon days before Sarbanes's party, around the Melrose. Once before, in college, he found himself in a comparable situation

An ending disillusionment at it and I finished American Ideals and Institutions, a required course. . . . When the same night I went with friends to a busboys by a lake and drank beer all night long. At dawn somebody almost shot me through the head with his 22. This could say I was confused.

A semester in Florence, where with any imagination one can walk through the Renaissance. Mixed his disgust. This time, by saving his life and hard times from two perspectives—being the start here in the second race and making over Paradise. Misadventure's concept of fate will—Barch helps himself past posthumous. When he takes a breather to watch the Belmont Stakes on television, he witnesses the great horses of 1978 having it out.

hard to head all down the stretch: their movements, the, a kind of protest, the margin between those who show that the question of 'winning' could not be reached at any final score. The day was Afforded new again, but his muscles earlier or later it might have been Afforded. The odds on which they had to be spread established the concept of competition, Michelangelo was not 'better' than Leonardo.

Occasionally one would rather Barch follow a filly's progress than discuss a Renaissance artist, but so does a Renaissance artist, but so does a Renaissance artist, but so does a Renaissance artist.

For all the thought in this book, there is little flaunting of knowledge and less post-modernism. Many books these days make a grand show of ideas, as if it were surprising that ideas should have anything to do with day-to-day life. One of Barch's considerable achievements in this racing, personal, and spiritual work is his ability to cast out loose ends—without chest thumping or hectoring. Instead of dogging the meaning of it all, he experienced a great deal with humor and sensitivity every so often coming in a trice to loss. What he found one spring at the races was not a red-hot pencil that would miraculously dismiss the perplexities of his life but an understanding that without perplexities, setbacks, and loose ends, life would be truly gray. Bill Barch doesn't say so. But he does break even, which, if accomplished properly, is significant enough. "Just this then, to make every word the New World, to approach it with an explorer's sense of wonder."

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OUTDOORS

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

WRECKS OF TIME

Deep-sea divers are trying to salvage their right to explore ancient shipwrecks

AFTER A late-season hurricane jonesed up, I spent a day walking the beach out far from Cape Hatteras, the gateway to the Atlantic. The shoreline had been gauged by high surf and there was fine, white beach where before there had been sand dunes and sea oaks. I was looking for bluefish in the newly cut slough, but as I walked, what I found was an old wreck. It had been buried by tons of sand before the storm and was now partially exposed. On that monotonously flat beach, its keel and beams looked like the backbone and rib cage of an animal that had perished and decayed to the desert.

I had the beach to myself except for one other fisherman, who looked across a mile or two away. I sat on one of the old sea wall's ribs and watched the surf. Then I dug in the wet sand on the slender chance that I would uncover some relic or even buried treasure, every boy's fantasy. I imagined all the things that could possibly have happened to the ship and its crew, which made its otherwise pointless afternoon memorable—and more haunting than anything over a forgotten family plot on a walk through the woods.

The beach is called Nags Head. It is a few miles from Kill Devil Hills, where the Wright Brothers made their inaugural flight. Legend has it that the beach took its name from the old pirate tactic of attaching a lantern to a horse and landing the rag up and down the beach, where the light would confuse mariners and have them aim the shallow reef. The pirates would then make short work of the grounded ships, their crews, and their cargoes.

The waters around Nags Head and all of North Carolina's Outer Banks are dotted with the remains of ships. Scores of sailing ships, including the U.S.S. *Albatross*, the Civil War ironclad *Thetis*, ships that weren't lost to storms or falling rocks were the victims of hostile fire. The North Carolina beaches were black with oil in the



early days of World War II, when German U-boats prowled the East Coast and sank American merchant ships as a matter of routine.

The wreck I saw on that blustery day near Nags Head was anonymous and undated. When I asked a Coast Guard station about it, I was told it was a few weeks after I sat on its ribs, the wreck was buried again, probably forever. I suspect it was no longer more than a barn or coastal scow badly scragged and left derelict. No guns, no great takes or storms, no piracy or U-boat.

Since that day, I have dived and fished over half a dozen different wrecks, including a Russian freighter that went down in a storm, an American battleship that was sunk by Army artillery during target practice, and a death-cheer German U-boat, broken nearly in half by the force of the explosions that destroyed it. Because they provide an excellent habitat for small organisms at the beginning of the food chain,

wrecks make fine spearfishing grounds. But there is more to it than that. There is something unethically quietly about swimming around the mortal remains of a ship. Nothing else is quite so dead.

The first time I dove a wreck, I was as nervous and as thrilled as a boy setting out on his first overnight hike. We were in warm Florida water, and when my partner cut the engine and dropped the anchor, we put on our gear (mask, no wet suit), checked each other out, and relied over the side into another world. In a few minutes we were over the freighter, and I was once my fear. The rusting, barnacled hull drew me closer, as it had drawn the schools of flickering butterfly that hovered everywhere around it. I was carrying a spear gun but never used it. I swam toward the ship three or four times, looking over and about the forgotten wreckage that it swayed. I hated to leave to decompress and went down again

later with fresh tanks. Diver's work wrecks the way children wreck whittles. One popular diving spot in the lagoon at Shark Reef in the Pacific, where some three dozen Japanese ships were sunk thirty-six years ago by carrier planes from the American Fifth Fleet. The hour of the wreck was lit with the route of that great naval battle: blasted hulls, planes, torpedoes, boats. I once wanted to make the top of "Shark," but I'm older now and don't really need to see those ships, one of which was sunk by my father's 1,000-squad launch. There are plenty of wrecks close to home, and they are more imperiously fascinating. But lately there has been deep confusion about just who owns those wrecks and who has the right to explore them.

Until fairly recently, the general rule was that salvage belonged to the first man strong enough to claim it. It was an old principle of maritime law. But all of that is changing. Wrecks are now "treasures,"



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THERE IS SOMETHING INEFFABLY SPOOKY ABOUT A SUNKEN SHIP. NOTHING ELSE IS QUITE SO DEAD.

subject to all sorts of conflicting claims—some of them national, some political.

It began in the Sixties, when a man named Kap Wagner found some gold coins on a beach near Cocoa, Florida. The gold came from the screens of a Spanish galleon that went down in the early years of the sixteenth century. Flamingo, speculating there might be a lot more where those come from, passed laws that give the state ownership of submarine relics and treasure. Independent salvors could pay for diving permits, but everything brought to the surface would be inherited by a state-employed expert—who would assign each artifact value points based on market and historical value—and once the boat had been examined, the state and the salvor would negotiate a split. It was not exactly a fair fight when it got to that point. The government had unlimited assets and at least that many lawyers. The typical salvor is a lone wolf and a man on a hairy

But Mel Fisher, who'd been, decided to fight the law. Fisher was a treasure hunter in intention to locate the remains of the *Sancti Spiritus de Alcala*, a Spanish galleon that went down in the seventeenth century loaded with treasure. Fisher began diving for it in 1966 and after years of work began to bring some artifacts and some treasure to the surface. In the process of recovery, his son and daughter-in-law were killed in a boating accident. Fisher believed more and more. He's a man obsessed. The recovery of the *Sancti Spiritus de Alcala* treasure became his goal. When Florida sought to claim Fisher's loot, he went to court.

Fisher cited a U.N. treaty of which the United States was a signatory. The treaty protects the offshore natural resources of the signers nations, particularly against mining and other commercial exploitation by richer countries. But the treaty specifically exempts treasure. Fisher's attorney claimed that the treaty carried the weight of the U.S. Constitution behind it and therefore invalidated the state law. For typically unorthodox reasons, the United States government is now suing Fisher in court while the federal of Florida held the courts. The federal lawyers cited traditional British admiralty law, under which sunken treasure becomes the property of the crown. Since we have no crown, the lawyers bitterly argued, the federal government becomes the sovereign, and the treasure belongs to it in the name of the people. That line of argument was thrown out of court, so now Fisher and the state of Florida are battling over possession of the treasure. Fisher, meanwhile, keeps diving and talks more and

more like an Armageddon character.

In another case private parties petitioned the government for the right to raise U-234, a German U-boat that was depth-charged and sank in less than twenty minutes into all Cape Hatteras. The government's claim was clear cut at this case. The ship carried a cache of war and belonged to the government under a law, passed in the aftermath of the Civil War that was intended to establish ownership of Confederate property lost in coastal waters. After the remains of the crew lay still inside U-234, it is a war tomb, protected by time-honored military tradition.

The government checked with the Germans, who asked only that any bones recovered be returned for burial. The U.S. Navy was called in to study the problem and answered that U-234 was a hazard. There were live warheads aboard—war pedes and cruise shells—and the wreck should be restricted until disarmed.

North Carolina divers howled. They'd been diving safely over the U-boat for years. Nobody had detonated any war pedes or live. They did not want the wreck raised or put off limits. They wanted a rule where it was, for the preservation of divers.

Senator Lowell Weicker himself is a diver, the only one who had called in the Navy to begin with. backed off under pressure from Carolina divers. U-234 is still buried at sea and still a headache of divers.

But the fight goes on. Underwater archaeologists are pressuring the government to restrict recovery of artifacts from historic areas, which they want to identify. An agency of the Interior department is on their side. There is a bill pending in two committees in Congress, and if it passes, access to many wrecks could be restricted to professionals with some sort of scholarly interest. Many divers, who might be prohibited from exploring these areas, see against the bill—though most divers believe in some protection against the clean-stripping of wrecks. Mel Fisher and the others believe there should be no regulation at all and that the looter should be prosecuted from the government. Millions of people—coast to coast, couldn't care less about war. So the fight, like so many others, as between a few intensely interested parties on each side, still at arm's length, muscle—not reason—will prevail.

Still, it is hard when you glide past the ghastly battered back of a vessel that once carried a crew of sailors and its hollow treasure—or even its loot in war—not to think that the looting is all kinds in the end. "Vanity of vanities, such the Pretender." Whatever wins—and probably nobody will—the sea will have the last word.

CAROLANBY VARMAN is a contributing editor of Esquire magazine.



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BY TALI

THE L.A. CONNECTION

Do transcontinental commuters have the best of both worlds? A skeptic's appraisal

AS USUAL, the good news came first. Clay Fisher, the co-editor at *Esquire*, who now works for 20th Century Fox, called and asked me to write a "treatment" of a story I had penned for this magazine last year. Chewing with my experts (breezy women who are too accustomed to making a living in London and New York and who are therefore entitled to a \$250,000 a year in Hollywood), I discovered what a treatmate is: a movie in embryo.

Starters dazzled in my eyes. Then came the bad news. Clay wanted me to work on the treatment in Los Angeles. "Los Angeles?" I screamed over the telephone. "No way, Clay!" El Cap, I thought, blame it on Warren and Jack and Marisa. (Last year, anyway) and Ryan and Jon and Barbara, a place where a bald-headed night named Swifty Lazar reigns supreme and where Ross Harbert, *The Star*, and *People* find endless subjects to report about. Clay, however, insisted I was wrong. Los Angeles is marvelous, he said.

He was hardly convincing. I have lived in an unexcited way in civilized places most of my life, and I decided that to try the opposite might prove fatal. I had been in L.A. twice before and both times survived only because of generous circumstances. The first time was in 1967. I was pursuing a famous actress, and the thrill of the chase almost obliterated the horrible surroundings. There was, however, a slight altercation with Nobby Hilton, an actor who in the hotel fortune who had since departed for that big hotel in the sky. I found myself in a Los Angeles police station, charged with disturbing the peace, assault and battery, and various misdemeanors not trivial to remember (Oh, no, drinks, the actress named with Nobby Hilton the proverbially dropped all the charges) while I was moving out of L.A. in a hurry. The second time I was in Los Angeles, I was on my way back from Vietnam. I had been treated in Hue and Saigon



to survive almost anything, and L.A. could not defeat me.

But this is 1980. I am now aware and set in my ways. There is no way I will remain west of Fifth Avenue, especially to go to a city where garbage men are called sanitary engineers and where used cars are "pre-owned." The trouble was that Clay insisted on my presence. In fact, he was smiling when I protested. "You think L.A. is an intellectual center because the only people you know are the sort who go to Hellie's parties," he said.

Well, he had a point there. Most of the people I know who live in California are backpackers' bastards. Perhaps L.A. was not as I pictured it. Could it be as bad as people say? Could it, for that matter, be as good as the same people say after they have moved there or so uncredibly, hilariously bad as those very same people say when the studios drop their contracts and they move back east again?

In a rare Proustian mood, I elected to

stay in a second-floor room in my Fifth Avenue duplex and select the opinions of people who really know. These are people for whom L.A. is a suburb of N.Y. and vice versa and who are completely blind when it comes to seasons (they're flying over the Grand Canyon, heaven). Among them is Fisher himself. He spends six months of the year in L.A., the other half back east. Clay's theory is that America consists of two parts which make a whole only if one lives in both of them. (Like most N.Y.-L.A. commuters, he speaks overloads the middle.) "Most things about the West," he says, "such as the focus on the whole person, on health and sports, are good. But the life of the mind is in the East." The big difference between living in L.A. and living in N.Y., he explains, is the home. "In L.A. everything happens in the home as they call a house out there. And one never goes into a home."

One boy somebody's father. He didn't need to explain for then I understood perfectly. Somebody who is anybody is in somebody else's father's home. "So buy a house that didn't once belong to somebody makes one a social idiot," I asked Clay if the rule applied to doctors. It does. One simply does not go to any doctor. One goes to Warren's or Jack's or, oh, hell, you know the rest.

The next N.Y.-L.A. commuter I consulted was Coco Brown, son of the former producer Harry Joe Brown, who has flown from L.A. to N.Y. and back at least 300 times. For the past twenty-seven years, he's been going back and forth about twice a month. He owns a house in L.A. and one on Long Island. Coco thinks that the big difference between the two cities is combat. "In the old days, the eastern establishment looked down on Hollywood types, whereas now the opposite is true." Coco says that L.A.'s society is more intellectual than that of N.Y. because it's a meritocracy. "In N.Y., one

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BY EDWARD SOREL

THE GRADUATE

The one with all those good lines

Benjamin (Hoffman) abducts Elaine (Rosa) as she seeks another man

IT'S THE MOVIE with the Simon and Garfunkel sound track ("Sounds of Silence," "Scarborough Fair," "Mrs. Robinson"), the movie where director Mike Nichols used every camera trick known to man (made possible by cameraman Robert Surtees' ingenuity)—the movie with all those good lines (some of the best of which were taken directly from the Charles Webb novel). It's the movie with Anne Bancroft as Mrs. Robinson, who likes sex unencumbered by conversation, with Dustin Hoffman as Benjamin, her disenchanted lover ("Couldn't we live this up with a little conversation?"), and with Katherine Ross as Mrs. Robinson's desirable daughter, Elaine.

But what isn't easily visible? The department. Although Nichols threatened the comedy with night-gown and punch-drunked the end of almost every scene with some sort of funny business—a habit acquired from his years as a cabaret performer and a director of

Broadway comedies—the critics insisted that there was more to this movie than met the fancy bone. For Bosley Crowther, the son of the film was to "contemplate the landscape of a drifting society, unwittingly cruel to its young people and destructive eventually to each." The title critic from the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, the picture was "based on the ill-fated premise that the young can escape the traps of a society created by their parents." What should have been the definitive word came from Mike Nichols himself, who revealed that *The Graduate* was about "the Los Angelesization of the world... in which things take over a person's life."

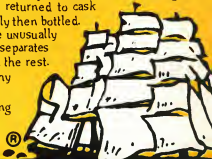
To go figure it department: The film that deflected back *The Graduate* and *Bonnie and Clyde* for best picture of 1967 at the Academy Awards ceremony was—was you ready for that—*In the Heat of the Night*. ☐

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